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HOPE'S FUNERAL.

BY WM. W. LONG.

We will cover our dead Hopes over,
Kneel beside them and weep:
Then go back to life's battle,
Leaving them there asleep.

Over their graves we will say good-bye,
To the dream that could not be;
Then Fate and Silence will stand between
The face of my life and me.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

JEM PYKE could have sprung upon him then and felled him to the ground, but the very confidence of his foe seemed to paralyze him. With a hang-dog slouch, but noiseless foot, he followed as he had been bidden.

Austin Ambrose led the way until they had gone out of hearing of Blair and Margaret, then he sat down on a fallen tree, and lighting a cigarette, coolly and critically surveyed the captive.

"I am rather curious to know what you were doing just now, my man," he said, when he had finished his examination.

"I was watchin' for a rabbit," Pyke replied promptly but sullenly, and without looking up.

Austin Ambrose smiled.

"Oblige me by looking at me," he said.

Pyke raised his eyes slowly.

"Thanks. Do I look like a fool?" demanded Austin Ambrose politely.

"No," replied Pyke reluctantly, and with an oath.

"Thanks again, though your language is unnecessarily emphatic. Then, not being a fool, how do you expect me to believe you? Shall I tell you what you were doing?"

No reply, but Pyke shifted one leg uneasily.

"You were watching my friend, Lord Blair. I am right, I think? Silence denotes assent. Thanks"—suavely—"and why were you watching him?"

Pyke, tortured as much by the tone as the question, growled out an imprecation under his breath.

"Shall I tell you? Because you are anxious to get a little revenge for that beating he gave you. Am I right? Thanks again. I am good at guessing, you see. And as you can't pay him in a fair stand-up fight you are hoping later for an opportunity to give him one in the back. Yes," slowly and suavely, "I think that is the whole case in a nutshell. Now, my friend, you are a fool."

Pyke raised his eyes and scowled evilly, and Austin Ambrose shook his head and smiled.

"No use scowling, my friend. I know what you are feeling and can sympathize with you; I can indeed. It is unpleasant to be caught, isn't it? And it is so tempting to see me sitting here without even a stick, and to know that you could dispose of me so easily, if my friend with the big fists that you felt so lately were not within call."

Pyke's face grew livid, and he grasped his stick till the veins started out like strings in his wiry and sunburnt hands.

"Curse you!" he snarled at last. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Gently," said his tormentor. "One question at a time, and though you don't put them politely, I'll give you a true answer. My name is Ambrose—Austin Ambrose. Say it over to yourself once or twice, and you won't forget it. And what do I want? Well, I want a strong active young ruffian like you, a man who has pluck enough to remember an injury and burns to pay it back. And that's your case again, isn't it?"

He lit his cigarette and blew a ring in the air and watched it until it had faded away.

"And now I'll explain why you are a fool. You are a fool because you lay in wait with a big stick to bang your enemy about the head. No one but a fool would do that, my dear Pyke, firstly, because he might not hurt his enemy——"

Jem Pyke scowled fearfully.

"Well, yes, you might hurt him, but—and that brings me to my secondly—you couldn't do it without its being traced to you. There might be a struggle, there would be blood and other unpleasant traces, and the police would have you by the heels before an hour was passed, and then ——!" the speaker wound up the sentence by a playful gesture indicative of strangulation.

Pyke's face was a study. At first, from hate and the desire to crush his tormentor it displayed the emotion of murder, and then a reluctant admiration; and at last he stood, the stick hanging loosely in his hand, his small evil eyes fixed with a fascinated stare on his companion's face.

"I am right, you see," said Austin. "Now, if I owed a man a grudge—I don't, I am happy to say, for I have not an enemy in the world, my dear Pyke; but if I owed a man a grudge, I shouldn't set to work in your clumsy fashion. No! I shouldn't dog him and knock him about the head just outside my own door, because I should feel assured that the police would track me down. No! I should wait until he had got some distance off—to London, for instance, or another part of the county—and then, some dull evening, I should bring him down with a gun or a pistol from a safe distance, and then quietly"—he blew a cloud of smoke into the air and pointed to it—"vanish!"

The man stood with every sense on the alert, absorbed and rapt.

Then he drew a long breath.

"That's what you'd do, guv'nor, is it?" he asked hoarsely.

Austin nodded.

"Yes. And if I had a friend who could point out to me the best way of doing it, and help me to choose the time and place, why, I should feel very grateful to that friend."

Pyke looked somewhat mystified for a moment, then he started, and a look of cunning flashed from his eyes.

"Why, you hate him, too, guv'nor!" he exclaimed hoarsely, with an oath.

Austin Ambrose looked at him and smiled.

"After all, you are not such a fool as you looked, my friend," he said.

Pyke stood eyeing him stealthily and curiously, then he slapped his knee cautiously.

"I've got it!" he said, with a leer. "He's after your girl, guv'nor!"

Austin smiled again.

"You are really an intelligent person, Mr. Pyke," he said suavely. "And now that we understand each other—and we do, I think?"

Pyke swore horribly for assent.

"Exactly. Then I think we had better part. Take my advice, and don't watch for rabbits any more! Go home and rest until your friend sends you word that the time has come to pay back old scores. When he does so, well—be ready, and strike home!"

"I will!" Pyke declared, setting his teeth.

Austin flung his cigarette away.

"Poaching is a hard trade," he observed, looking up at the sky, which shone blue as a turquoise through the trees. "One should pity the poor fellow who is driven to it, rather than condemn him. There, my poor man, take this small coin and find some honest work. You are strong and able, get some employment. Believe me, honesty is the best policy!"

Pyke took the coin, examined it, and put it in his pocket. But he stood still, waiting, like a well-trained hound, for further orders.

Suddenly Austin raised his hand and pointed to the road.

"Go!" he said sternly.

Pyke started, just as a dog would start, fingering his fur cap, and muttering, "Yes, guv'nor, yes," disappeared.

Austin remained seated for some minutes, his brows knitted, his eyes fixed on the ground, then he murmured:

"Yes, I shall win this! Everything goes with me! Everything! It is a bold game, but I shall win it! A man gets all the trump cards dealt him, or breaks the bank at faro, once in a lifetime; it is his one chance! This is mine! Even this country clown makes one. Yes, I shall win, and then, Violet! and then——"

He walked quickly through the wood. The dog-cart they had engaged was waiting, and he dismissed the boy who was holding the horse. They had driven from Harefield, the nearest large town, to which they had come by rail, and were going to drive back and take the return train there.

As he had said they had taken every precaution to keep their visit a secret.

After he had been waiting five or ten minutes, Blair came striding towards him. He was rather pale, and very quiet, and signed to Austin to drive.

"I should drive you into a ditch," he said; "my hands are all shaky! Austin, she is an angel!" and his voice was shaky, whatever his hands may have been.

"Meaning Miss Margaret? She is better than an angel! She is a lovely and charming lady," said Austin.

"Isn't she?" exclaimed Lord Blair. "Austin, I did not exaggerate?"

"No; you did not even do her justice. I never saw a more beautiful and bewitching young creature! I don't wonder at your infatuation."

"Infatuation! I don't like the word. Infatuation is not love, and I love her more than ever a man loved yet, I think!"

"And you are right," said Austin Ambrose emphatically. "Blair, my boy, you are in luck. I'm not giving to raving over women, but, upon my word I could do a little raving about Miss Margaret!"

"Rave away, then," said Blair bluntly. "You won't bore me. Ah, Austin! if you knew how I hate all this secrecy and deception! I tell you I hate it! Why should I not declare my love for her to all the world? I tried to persuade her to let me go to the earl after you had left us, but she wouldn't let me."

"You are a fool!" burst from Austin's lips; then, as Blair looked at him in astonishment, he added quickly, "I beg your pardon, Blair; but it does make me mad to see you so bent upon destroying that sweet girl's future in the way that you propose to do. Why, man, what harm does it do her or you keeping it quiet for a while? The earl is an old man, any year—a month, a day—he may die, and then—why, then you may tell all the world, when you have got his money safe at your bankers for you and your wife and children! Miss Margaret is more sensible than you."

"Yes, after she had heard you!" Blair said slowly. "Well, I suppose it's the best thing to do, but I hate it all the same. Though, after all, I don't care; it's enough for me to know she loves me."

There was silence for a moment, then Austin said smoothly:

"If I were you, Blair, I should secure that beautiful creature as soon as possible."

"What do you mean?" demanded Blair, awaking from a reverie.

"I should marry her."

The hot blood mounted to Lord Blair's face, then left it pale.

"If she would," he murmured, in a low voice.

"Oh, yes, she would," said Austin, in a quiet tone of confidence. "I think I could help you to that, Blair. Honestly, I think her such a treasure that, if I were in your place, I should never rest easy for a day until she were mine! A prince might long to make her his consort! To tell you the truth, I am as bewitched as you are. I had expected to see—well, I won't tell you what; but I will tell you what I did see, a lovely girl, who was not only lovely, but a refined and gifted lady. Marry her, Blair, and at once!"

"I'd marry her to-morrow if she'd let me," said Blair hotly; then he relapsed into silence, and Austin was content to let the seed he had dropped take root.

"Will you come to the club and dine with me?" he said, when they walked home.

Lord Blair shook his head.

"No, thanks, old fellow," he said. "I want to be alone. Don't think me a bear."

"No, no, I understand," said Austin, as he shook hands; "go and dream of Margaret, and remember what I say, my dear, fellow. A prize like that is never too quickly secured."

Blair wandered to his rooms, to pace up and down his sitting-room, and think over every word Margaret had said. Austin went to his chambers, and having dressed carefully and leisurely, dined luxuriously at his club, and at half-past ten called a cab and had himself driven to Lady Marabout's, who had an "evening" that night.

Lady Marabout's rooms were filled to overflowing when he entered, and he had to make his way through a crush that extended as far as the hall and stairs; but in his cool and leisurely fashion he reached the principal saloon at last, and having shaken hands with the hostess, who greeted him with a brave though tired smile, he bent his steps towards a small crowd that surrounded some favored person at the end of the room.

The favored person was Violet Graham, the heiress. The dragoon, Colonel Floyd, the Marquis of Aldmere, and other well-known men were round her—one holding her fan, another proffering an ice, a third looking over her ball carte in the hope of finding a vacant space; and she leant back on the settee smiling absently, and listening, "with half an ear," to their compliments and flattery.

She looked pale, almost haggard; but not even her diamonds flashed and glittered more brightly than her restless eyes.

Austin made his way to her slowly, his opera hat under his arm, his clean-cut face serene and perfectly self-possessed.

"Is the dancing all over, or just begun?" he said, as he inclined his head before her. "I am too late for anything, I suppose?"

Nothing could have been coolest or more matter-of-fact than his words, or the tone in which they were uttered; but she looked up with a sudden flush.

"I don't dance the next; it is a square dance," she said. "Take me to some cool place—if there is a cool place, Mr. Ambrose."

He held out his arm, and to the mortification of her circle of courtiers, he led her away.

"Confound that fellow Ambrose!" muttered Colonel Floyd. "Why couldn't she ask me to take her into the conservatory?"

"Or me," muttered two or three others, as they sauntered away ill-temperedly.

Austin Ambrose led her into the conservatory and placed her in a seat, then he broke off a palm-leaf and fanned her patiently, as if it were his sole mission on earth.

"Well?" she said, and it was the first word she had addressed to him since her greeting.

He smiled, a confidential smile.

"Meaning our friend Blair?"

"Yes, yes," she said impatiently. "What is he doing? Where is he? He was invited to-night. I came expecting him to be here."

He smiled again.

"Don't be impatient. At present our friend Blair shuns the revel and the dance ——"

She flashed her eyes upon him angrily.

"You have seen him?"

"Yes," he said; "I have seen him. He is still infatuated over his dairymaid. But don't be alarmed. I have nipped that little affair in the bud, I think."

"You have?" she exclaimed, with a quick glance.

"Quite," he said easily. "Before a week is passed you will find him at your feet again."

"Can I trust you?" she murmured.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"As much as one can trust another seeing that, according to the latest novelist, we are all Judases. But you can trust me. This affair of Blair's will end in smoke believe me."

Violet Graham drew a long breath.

"Remember!" she panted. "Put a stop to this madness of his, and I will give you anything you can ask!"

"I shall not forget," he said. "Let me take you back now."

CHAPTER XV.

MARGARET was living in an earthly paradise, existence, indeed, was more like a beautiful dream to her than the gray and sober reality it is to most of us.

To be loved is a nice thing, a grand thing, a fact which gilds even the prosaic life and makes it bright, but to be loved by such a man as Lord Blair—so handsome, so brave and so devoted, and so passionately and entirely hers! It passed all saying, as the Italians put it; and Margaret's days were full of sweetness and joy; for he did not see her every day, he managed to come down three or four times a week, and they met in stolen interviews at the cascade, or in the deeper recesses of the woods.

And Blair—Blair, who had gained for himself the reputation of the most fickle young man in London—seemed more deeply in love every time they parted.

If Margaret had been the scheming girl, aiming at the Ferrers' coronet, which Austin Ambrose at first imagined her, she could not have gone more cleverly to work to secure Lord Blair Leyton.

She was beautiful; but it is a question if, proud of her beauty as he was, he thought so much of it after seeing it the third or fourth time. It was the charm of her great mental gifts, her infinite variety and undimmed freshness that kept his love at fever heat.

Once or twice he had brought her down some present—a ring at first, a bracelet the next time—but Margaret would not accept them.

"I will take nothing I cannot wear, Blair," she said. "Pick this bunch of honeysuckle for me, and I will put it in my hair; I like that better than all your jewels."

But the third time he brought her a locket. Its face was a mass of pearls, with one large and costly diamond sparkling in the centre.

"You can wear this, dearest," he said pleadingly.

"Yes, I can that," she said, in the soft, melting voice, which used to echo in his ears long after he had left her and was up in town. "I can wear that," and she tied it by her ribbon round her neck and hid it in her bosom. "No one can see that, and I can take it out——"

"Off?" he said.

"No, sir," she corrected him, blushing; "I shall take it out whenever I am likely to forget you."

"Don't say that, even in fun, Madge," he said in a low voice and with a sudden look of pain. "I can't bear to think of you forgetting me. Why, if I were dead, and you were walking near my grave——" he stopped; and she murmured the well-known song,—

> "Were it ever so airy a tread,
> My heart would hear her and beat,
> Were it earth in an earthly bed;
> My dust would hear her and beat,
> Had I lain for a century dead;
> Would start and tremble under her feet,
> And blossom in purple and red.

"That's it," he said, approvingly and admiringly. "What a memory you have got, Madge. Is it Shakspeare?"

"No; Tennyson," and she smiled. "What an ignorant boy it is!"

"Ain't I?" he said, with a laugh. "Austin often says that the things I know would go into a half a sheet of note paper, and the things I don't know would more than fill the reading room at the British Museum. But one thing I know, Madge, and that is I love you with all my heart and soul."

"I'll forgive you all the rest!" she murmured.

She was painting the picture the earl had commissioned, and she took up her brush and palette and worked, while Blair sat at her side, watching her with an admiring wonder, as the skilful hand conveyed the bushy dell to the canvas.

"What a fuss they'll make about you when we are married," he said after a pause.

Margaret bent forward to hide the blush which the words had called up.

"And who are they? And why should they make a fuss?" she asked.

"They? Oh, all the people, you know, They'll make no end of you, Madge. You see, you are so good-looking——"

She threatened him with her brush.

—"And then you are so clever, and this painting of yours will just finish them off. I shouldn't wonder if you are the leading item of next season."

"The next season!" echoed Margaret, turning her eyes upon him.

He colored, and looked rather guilty, and then he raised his eyes to hers boldly.

"Yes, next season. You are going to marry me, soon, you know, Madge?"

"Soon?" she repeated dreamily. "Two years, five years hence will be soon."

"Oh, will it?" he remarked aghast. "Why, Madge, Austin says we ought to be married next month."

Margaret almost dropped her pencil and stared at him; then her eyelids fell, and the warm color spread over her face and neck.

"And yet you are always boasting that Austin Ambrose never talks nonsense!" she said with gentle irony.

"But is it such nonsense, dear?" he urged putting his arm around her waist, and looking up at her downcast face. "I don't think it is nonsense at all! If you knew how long even a few weeks seem to me—but I don't put it that way. But, remember, my darling, that is all very well down here; I can run down and spend some hours with you—how short they seem, heigh ho!—but you will be going to London directly ——"

"Directly I have finished this picture—next week she put in gently.

"So soon?" he saidly. "Well, then, we shan't be able to see so much of each other, at least Austin says we mustn't."

"Mr. Austin says so?"

He nodded.

"Yes; he is more anxious than ever that our engagement should be kept secret, and every time he sees me he talks and lectures me about it. 'He's such a careful man,' as the song says, and he laughed.

Margaret remained silent. What would the days be like in hot and dusty London, she were not to hear the voice she loved murmuring its passionate devotion into her ears! Her bosom rose with a soft sigh.

"I suppose he is right—yes, he is right," she said. "And we shall meet, if we do meet, as strangers, Blair? But we shan't meet, shall we?"

"You are talking nonsense now," he chided her. "Of course we shall. I can take you up the river, up to Cookham or to Pangbourne. How delightful it will all be."

"And some of your grand friends will see us and then——"

"Oh, we'll chance that!" he said, lightly.

"We must chance nothing that will do you an injury Blair," she said gravely.

"Oh, Austin will take care that we do nothing imprudent," he said. "he has taken our case in hand, so he says, and we can't do better than put ourselves under his charge. You must paint some of our Thames views, Madge. You must paint one for me. By George! my uncle has got more mother wit in his little finger than I have in the whole of my body! Why did I not give you a commission for a picture the first moment I knew you were an artist!"

"I shouldn't have accepted it," she said, smiling down at him. "But I'll paint you a picture, Blair; I will do it after I have finished this. Business must be attended to, you know, my lord.

He laughed.

"I wonder what he'll give you for that, Madge?" he said. "He ought to give you a hundred pounds. It's worth it. I'd give you a thousand if you'd let me."

"You'd ruin yourself we all know," she said lightly, scarcely paying any heed to what she said, then as she saw him wince she dropped her brush and put her arm round his neck penitently.

"Oh, Blair! I meant nothing!" she murmured.

"I know, I know, dearest!" he said gravely. "But your light words reminded me of the fool I have been! But that is all altered now. Do you know that I have not made a single bet since—since you gave yourself to me? No! And I'm living as steady an existence as that man who always went home to tea. Austin says it won't and can't last—but we shall see."

It was always Austin. Scarcely ten sentences without his name cropping up.

"I don't see why Mr. Ambrose should discourage you, Blair," she said smiling. "But you can prove him wrong all the more triumphantly," she added.

He laughed as he kissed her, telling her that she was his good angel, and that while she would continue to love him he was all right, but when he had gone and she had listened to his departing footsteps, she pondered over Austin Ambrose's words.

Was Lord Blair thoroughly reformed, or would he slip back into the wild life from which, as he said, her love had reclaimed him?

The next two days she worked hard at her picture, and on the third finished it.

"What shall I do, grandma?" she said to Mrs. Hale. "I am going to London, tomorrow, you know. Shall I send the picture from there, or give it to Mr. Stibbings to take to his lordship?"

"Give it to Mr. Stibbings," said Mrs. Hale, "with your dutiful respects and compliments, my dear."

Margaret gave the picture to Mr. Stibbings, but with her compliments only, and presently that important functionary returned.

"Would Miss Hale honor the earl by joining him in the gallery?" he said.

Margaret went at once, and found him standing before her picture, which he had caused to be placed on an easel in the best lighted part of the gallery.

He held out his hand, and bowed to her with a kindly smile.

"You have painted a beautiful little sketch for me, Miss Hale," he said. "One I shall often look upon with pleasure and delight. And you have done it quickly, too, but not carelessly—no, no!"

Margaret murmured a few words in acknowledgment of his graciousness, and he went on:

"There is a career before you, my dear Miss Hale! You are one of the fortunate ones of this earth! Great gifts—great gifts"—and he looked at her absently; then he sighed and roused himself again—"but don't waste them, my child! I hope you are enjoying yourself here?"

"Very much, my lord," said Margaret. "I leave to-morrow;" and she sighed.

"To-morrow! So soon?" he said. "And you go back to London? I hope you will pay the Court another visit soon! I must speak to Mrs. Hale concerning it! Will you wait a moment or two?" and he drew a chair forward before he left the gallery.

Margaret sat and waited. How happy she had been! and yet if he only knew the cause of her happiness! It he could but guess that it was because she had won the love of his nephew, the Viscount Leyton!

She felt guilty and ill at ease, and when he returned, and approaching her with a smile, pressed some bank notes into her hand, she began to tremble, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"No thanks, my dear," he said. "Tut, tut! You must not wear your heart upon your sleeve, or daws will peck at it. You have no cause for gratitude; it is I who should and do feel grateful to you. Good-bye. May Heaven watch over you and make you happy, my dear!"

It was almost like a benediction, for he half raised his white hand over her head.

When Margaret looked up he had gone.

She turned away, and the tears were still in her eyes as she opened the folded notes and looked at them. They represented a hundred pounds.

Mrs. Hale was quite overwhelmed.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Goodness Gracious!—a hundred pound! Well, Margaret, my dear, I don't think you have any cause to regret your visit to your poor old grandmother. It hasn't been altogether a waste of time, now has it?"

"No," said Margaret; "no, indeed, dear!" but even as she kissed the old lady and hid her face on her ample bosom, the same guilty feeling assailed her as that which had come upon her under the earl's generosity.

On the morrow she returned to London, but she had not to walk to the station as she had done in coming. The earl had given orders that a brougham should be in attendance, and she started with a footman to open the door, and another to place her modest portmanteau on the roof, while the coachman touched his hat.

"Good-bye, grandma!" she said brokenly, as she clung to the old lady.

"Good-bye, Margaret, my dear! You will come again, and as soon as you can?"

"Yes," said Margaret, a lump rising in her throat. "Yes, I will come again—and soon!"

But man proposes, and Providence disposes!

It was hot in London, and Margaret found her fellow-lodgers were away in the country, so that she had the rooms to herself.

She was thankful for their absence, for she would have shrank from their affectionately close questioning, and they might have worried some hint of her secret from her.

An hour after her return a telegram arrived:

"Will you meet me at Waterloo at two o'clock. We will go up the river."

It was not signed, but Margaret knew that it was from Blair. Should she go?

She lay awake a long time that night asking herself the question, but at two o'clock the next day she found herself at Waterloo, and Austin Ambrose came forward and raised his hat.

"You did not expect me," he said, with a smile, as her color rose.

"I—I thought——"

"It would be Blair," he finished quietly. "He is not far off. He will join us at Clapham Junction. He wanted to come and meet you here, but I persuaded him to let me come instead. You know how prudent I am. A dozen people on the platform might chance to see him and recognize him and talk, while I—well, nobody feels enough interest in me to care where I go," and he laughed.

"It is better so, and it is very kind of you," said Margaret.

"I am all kindness," he said, smiling.

He put her into a first-class carriage, and Margaret saw his hand in close contact with the guard's and heard the lock turned.

"May I say that you are looking very well, Miss Margaret?" he said, leaning forward and looking at her with respectful and friendly admiration.

Margaret laughed.

"Did you take all this trouble to pay me compliments, Mr. Ambrose?"

"No!" he said with sudden gravity, but still smiling, "I came for prudence sake and because I wanted to speak to you. And I have so few minutes I must get to the point at once. Miss Margaret are you going to be good to Blair and marry him?"

Margaret flushed, then grew pale.

"Some day," she said trying to speak lightly.

"Some day is no day," he returned. "Miss Margaret, you know, I hope and trust that I am your friend?"

Margaret inclined her head.

"It is as your friend and his that I venture to beg you to make him the happiest man in the world as soon as possible.

Margaret remained silent, her hand trembled as she touched the window strap.

"Why—why should it be soon?" she faltered. "It seems only a few days since—since——"

"It is some weeks," he said quietly and impressively, "But, indeed, if it were only a few days I would say the same! I can scarcely tell you all the reasons I have for pressing this upon you, and I would not do it, but that I know Blair is too—well—shy to do it altogether for himself. A simple 'no' from you silenced him! He told me, you see, that he spoke to you when he was down at the Court last."

"He tells you everything!" Margaret could not help saying.

"Do not be jealous!" he said; "if he does it is because he knows that all that interests him interests me, and that I have his welfare at heart."

"Forgive me!" she said, in a low voice. "Yes, he did speak to me."

"And he did not tell you the reasons? His of course are that he cannot be completely happy until you give him the right to call you his. But mine are as strong, I think! Miss Margaret, my friend's love for you has changed him, has made a better and a nobler man of him! Will you run

the risk of that change deteriorating? Can you not guess something of the temptations which assail a man in Blair's position? Don't you apprehend that shadows from the past may arise that—I will say no more! Complete the good work you have begun! Place him beyond the weak wicked past in the harbor of your love. If Blair asks you to marry him early next month, Miss Margaret, I beseech you do not refuse!"

Margaret sat pale and trembling.

Mr. Ambrose was an excellent actor, and knew how to be impressive, and he was pleading for Blair with the woman who loved him better than life itself.

"Do not answer now," he said. "You shall tell him. I will only say this, that, if you will let me, I will remain your friend all through. I will see that all the arrangements are made, and that the whole thing is kept perfectly secret. You shall please yourselves how soon you declare the marriage, but I should advise, strongly advise that you wait for a favorable opportunity."

He was too wise to say, "Till the earl is dead!"

The train stopped at Clapham, and as Blair came hurrying up to the window, Austin jumped out.

"Go and enjoy yourselves," he said, with a pleasant smile, and shaking his head to a request that he would accompany them. "Two are company and three are none. Good-bye, Miss Margaret—and remember!" he added, in a low voice.

Margaret did remember. All the afternoon, the happy afternoon, as she sat opposite Blair, as he rowed her up the beautiful reaches of the Thames, she thought of Austin's words, and so it happened that when, later on, they were sitting under the trees, on an island that glowed like an emerald in the middle of the silver stream, he bent ovel her and murmured:

"Madge, will you marry me next month?" she placed her hand in his and answered, "Yes!"

CHAPTER XVI.

JUST at this period a singular change came over Mr. Ambrose's mode of life. As a rule, he rarely left London. At a certain hour of the day you would find him in his chambers, at another riding or walking in the park, at another he would be dining at his club, and every night you were sure of seeing him at the whist table at any rate for an hour or two.

But immediately after Margaret's promise to marry Lord Blair, Mr. Ambrose took to taking little excursions in the environs of London, and the special objects of attraction for him seemed to be, strangely enough, seeing that he could by no means be called a religious man, the various churches in the villages dotted about Kent and Surrey.

The smaller and more out of the way the village, and the more dilapidated and neglected the church the more Mr. Ambrose seemed to be attracted by them.

He chose those churches where the congregation was small and the clergyman old and feeble, and he would sit and listen as the old parsons dribbled out their prosy sermons, and the scattered people in the great pews nodded and slept.

One church he appeared to have a special liking for. It was situated in one of the small villages in Surrey called Sefton. There were only a few cottages and a farm, and the church was in a very dilapidated condition, and the clergyman seemed almost as worn out.

He was a very old man and nearly blind, and how he got through the service only those who are acquainted with similar cases can understand or believe. So past his time and dead to everything did the old gentleman appear that one could easily understand the point of the poet's lines:

> "He lived but in a living sleep,
> Too old to laugh or smile or weep."

If one were to be married by him on Monday he would forget it on Tuesday," Austin Ambrose murmured to himself as he sat at the back of one of the high backed pews and watched the old gentleman.

There was a parish clerk, too, who droned out the responses, and slept through the sermon—and snored—who was almost as old as the clergyman, Mr. Austin Ambrose waylaid him and got into conversation with him after the service.

It could scarcely be called a conversation, however, for the old man merely grunted a "Yes," or "No," and smiled a toothless smile to Austin Ambrose's questions and remarks.

He seemed to remember nothing—excepting that, "It were forty-two year agone since the small bell were cracked and that's why we doan't ring 'em at marriages; they do seem so like a tolling, sir."

"You don't have many weddings, I suppose?" asked Mr. Ambrose.

The old man shook his head.

"Not a mainsight," he said, without exhibiting the faintest trace of interest. "Most of our folks is too old to marry, and the young 'uns goes to the big church at Belton—away over there."

"When was the last?" asked Austin.

The clerk took up his hat and slowly scratched his head.

"I do scarcely remember, sir," he said; "my memory ain't what it were. I'm getting on in years, you see—nearly eighty, sir; me and the parson runs a closeish race," and he chuckled. "When was the last? Lemme see! Well, I could tell 'ee by the book, but the parson keeps that. I daresay he could put his hand upon it."

Austin laughed softly.

"You seem half asleep here at Sefton," he said pleasantly.

The old clerk grunted.

"I think we be sometimes, sir," he said. "But, you see, it's a miserable place now the coach has given up running through. Them railways and steam indians have almost ruined everything in the country.

"How long ago is it since the last coach ran?" asked Austin.

The poor man looked bored to death.

"Thirty—forty year," he said. "I can't call to mind exactly; my memory ain't what it were."

Mr. Ambrose wished him good day, and without tipping him—he did not want to fix himself in the old man's feeble memory—and repaired to the inn. He called for a glass of ale, which he took care not to drink, and asked for a paper.

The landlord brought him a local one.

"Could I see a London one?" asked Mr. Ambrose.

"All the news we care about, such as the state of crops, and the prices at Coving Garden Market, is in that there paper; we don't trouble about a Lonnon one," he said.

Mr. Ambrose nodded and smiled, paid for his ale and went back to London.

"Sefton is the place," he said. "It is so out of the world that they never see a London newspaper; so asleep that the noise of the great world rushing onwards, never wakes it, and the parson and clerk are faster asleep than anything else in it!"

He described the place in glowing colors to Margaret and Blair a few nights afterwards, as they three were sitting in a cool corner of the Botanical Gardens.

"A most delightful nook, my dear Miss Margaret; quite a typical old English village. I could spend the rest of my days there, and if I were going to be married—alas! why should it be one's fate to assist at other people's happiness and have none oneself—it is the place of all others I should choose for the ceremony."

"What does it matter where the church is?" said Blair in his blunt fashion, and with a point blank look of love at the sweet downcast face beside him.

"It matters a great deal, my dear Blair; but I'm addressing Miss Margaret, who can appreciate the beauty of a scene, being an artist. I assure you it is a most delightful spot, and it is so quiet and out of the way that I really think one might commit bigamy three times running there in as many weeks, and no one would be any the wiser. Why did you start, Blair?"

Margaret looked up at Blair at the question, and he met both her and Austin's gaze with some astonishment.

"Why did I what? Start? I didn't start!" he said. "Why should I? What were you saying? To tell you the truth, I was looking at Madge's foot at the moment, and wondering how anybody could walk with such a mite, and comparing it with my own elephant's hoof. I didn't hear what you said quite.

Margaret drew her foot in and looked up at him rebukingly.

"You shouldn't be so frivolous, sir!" she said.

"You shouldn't have such a small foot, miss," he retorted, in the fashion which is so sweet to lovers, and so silly to other people. "Now, what was it you said, Austin?"

Austin laughed.

"Oh, some joke about bigamy, not worth repeating. I thought I had said something funny, you started so."

"But I didn't start!" repeated Blair, with a laugh.

"All right," assented Austin; "you didn't then. But I was going to say that another advantage is that Sefton is on the main line, and that you start from the church to that place in Devonshire where you are to be happier than ever two mortals have ever yet been. What is the name of it?"

"Appleford?" said Blair.

"You will be down there about five o'clock," continued Austin. "Just in time for dinner."

"What do you say, Madge?" asked Lord Blair, in a low voice.

Austin Ambrose rose and strolled towards some flowers.

"I say as you say, dearest," she answered, with a little sigh.

He looked at her.

"Just give me half a hint that you don't like all this secrecy——" he began; but she stopped him, raising her eyes to his with a trustful smile.

"We won't open all that again, Blair," she said. "Yes, Sefton will do."

"And you won't mind doing without the bridesmaids, and the white satin dress, and the bishop, and all that?" he asked, with a half anxious but wholly loving regard.

Margaret returned his gaze steadily and unflinchingly.

"I care for none of them," she said. "If I could have had my choice I should have liked my grandmother; but we haven't our choice, and so nothing matters, Blair."

"You are the best natured girl that ever breathed, Madge!" he said, in a passionate whisper. "All my life through I shall remember what sacrifice you made for me! I shall never forget them! Never!"

"Have you made up your minds?" asked Austin, coming back.

"Yes; it is to be Sefton," said Madge herself.

"Very well, then," he answered. "Then all the rest of the arrangements I can make easily.

And he was as good as his word.

He went down with Blair to get the special license; he engaged a sweet little cottage at Appleford; he saw the parson's clerk, and informed him of the date of the wedding; he even went with Blair to his tailor's to order some clothes.

"You don't want the ordinary abominations of bright-blue coat and lilac trousers, Blair; you don't want to advertise to all the world that you are going to be married," he said, and Blair, laughing boyishly, told him he had better order them himself.

The day approached. Margaret had made her preparations. They were simple, wonderfully and strangely simple, seeing that the man she was going to marry was a viscount, and heir to one of the oldest coronets in England.

"Don't buy a lot of dresses, Madge," Blair had said. "We shall be going on to Paris and Italy after Appleford, and you can buy anything you want at Paris, don't you know?"

He meant that he could buy them for her, and, of course, she knew what he meant, and did not love him less because she did not let him see that she understood. So that her wardrobe went very comfortably into an imperial.

She gave notice to quit to her landlady, and wrote a line or two to some of her companions. She did not say that she was going to be married, but that she was going for a long stay in the country, and she did not add what part.

The letter to Mrs. Hale was much harder to write, but she got it accomplished at last. It was full of love, it was full of a touching plea for forgiveness—if the poor old lady had been able to read between the lines—but it said that she, Margaret was going with a friend to Devonshire, and probably that she might go on from there to the Continent and she promised to write soon.

The letter caused Margaret some tears—tears which made her angry.

"It will be only for a little while!" she told herself. "At any moment I like to say, 'Blair, I would like every body to know!' he will tell them! It will only be for a little while."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARD AND SOFT.—All cooks do not understand the different effects produced by hard and soft water in cooking meat and vegetables. Peas or beans cooked in hard water, containing lime or gypsum, will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable caseine. Many vegetables, as onions, boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavor is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain the peculiar flavoring principles, besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in soft water. For extracting the juice of meat to make a soup or broth, soft water, unsalted is best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissue; but for boiling where the juices should be retained, hard water, or soft water salted is preferable, and the meat should be put in while the water is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Recent experiments have demonstrated that an incandescent light of 100-candle power, sunk 20 feet in the ocean will illuminate the surface sufficiently to distinguish objects within a radius of 250 feet.

A SAFETY CANDLESTICK.—A new candlestick which has recently been patented is so constructed that in whatever position it is held the candle is kept perpendicular. There is no "machinery" to get out of order, for the main principle of the contrivance is the employment of a ball joint of the very simplest kind. The advantage which this new candlestick gives in increased safety and comfort is obvious.

TWO BAD BOYS.—The first school I ever went to, wrote the famous English nautical writer, Captain Marryatt, was one kept by an old dame. There was a number of other boys there who were all very good boys, but Charlie Babbage, afterwards one of the greatest mathematicians, and I were always the scamps of the school. He and I were forever in scrapes, and the old woman use to place us side by side, standing on stools in the middle of the schoolroom, and point to us as a warning to the others, and say: "Look at those two boys! They are bad boys, and they will never get on in this world. Those two boys will come to a bad end." It is rather funny, but Babbage and I are the only two in all that school who have ever been heard of since.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.—The lovely myosotis has a most romantic story connected with the origin of its well-known name of "forget-me-not." It is related that a young couple who were soon to be married, while walking along the banks of the Danube River saw one of these flowers floating on its bosom. The affianced bride admired it, and fearing it would be carried away regretted its fatal destiny. The lover immediately plunged into the water, where he had no sooner seized the flower than he sank in the flood. Making a final effort, he threw the blossom upon the bank, and at the moment of his disappearing for ever exclaimed, "Vergiss mien nicht," which, Englished, means "Forget-me not!"

POPULAR NAMES.—Nearly all the candidates for the Presidency have had nicknames of some sort applied to them. Andrew Jackson was called "Old Hickory." Van Buren rejoiced in "The Little Magician," and Harrison in "Old Tip." General Taylor was familiarly known as "Old Zach," Scott as "Old Chapultepec," and Fremont as "The Path-Finder," Lincoln had the title of "Honest Old Abe," and Stephen A. Douglas, "The Little Giant." Lincoln's opponent for his second term went under the pseudonym of "Little Mac," and Johnson was known as "The Tennessee Tailor," his opponent, Pendleton, being announced as "Gentleman George." Tilden will go down into history as "The Sage of Greystone," Blaine as "The Plumed Knight," and Logan as "Black Jack."

A COSTLY SICKNESS.—The Emperor of Brazil's illness at Milan was a very expensive business. His hotel bill was at first $200 a day, but when he grew very weak, and when noise became dangerous to him, many visitors were asked to leave. The rent of their rooms amounted to a further $300 a day, and was borne by Dom Pedro. Ice cost $20 a day. Telegraphing to Rio de Janeiro, on private business, often amounted to $800 a day. Two doctors were each paid $125 a day, and a French consulting physician received $4,000 each time he was called in. Yet, when the Emperor left the hotel, he considered that he had been so well treated that he gave the landlord a gold snuff box and a decoration.

EFFECT OF BLOWING.—An interesting experiment is to place a lighted candle behind a bottle, pickle-jar, or any other object having a polished surface, then station yourself at about twelve inches from the object, so that it hides the flame of the candle from you, and blow with your breath. The candle will be very easily extinguished in consequence of the currents of air that you have created around the object meeting near the flame. A variation is to put two bottles alongside of each other, so as to leave a space of half an inch between them. Place the candle opposite this space and preserving the same distance as before between your mouth and the candle, blow strongly against the flame. Not only will the latter not be extinguished, but it will incline slightly toward you, as if through the effect of suction. This curious phenomenon is due to the fact that as a portion of the air cannot pass through the bottles it flows around the exterior and returns to the operator.

WHAT MATTER?

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

The world is gorgeous with blooms you say,
But what care I for the flowers to-day,
What tho' the clover is all in bloom,
And the fields are shining with yellow broom,
What is the jasmine scent to me,
What matter how white the lilies be?

The hills break out in dewy green,
And hyacinths, purple and pink are seen,
The rose blooms red, what matter now?
Time was I laughed to see it blow,—
But to-day the very rocks might bud,
The blossoms to me would bode no good.

The star-eyed daisies shine in the grass,
The lily bells chime to see us pass,
The purple violets smile at our feet,
The breath of the pinks is faint and sweet,
But what care I—all joy is fled
For love—the bloom of my life—is dead.

For Love or Duty.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS MONEY AND HIS LOVE," "DOLLY'S DISAPPOINTMENT," "KING OR PRINCE?" ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

JULIET, angry and indignant, can say nothing. Edith has, after all, only spoken the bare truth—there is nothing in her words she can deny, for she has not mentioned the possibility of Juliet's returning his passion.

Yet still she feels vaguely that the suspicion of it is pointed at her, and in such a manner that she cannot defend herself.

She is stung to the heart, and, to make matters worse, the consciousness of her husband's gaze fixed upon her brings such a rush of color to her face that she is forced to bend over the child on her knee to conceal it.

"He could have stayed away if he did not wish to come," he answers coldly.

"No, no; that would never do. He would be afraid of making you suspect him."

If Juliet were to give way to the promptings of her passionate nature at this moment, she would go up to her cousin and strike her a blow with all the strength of her arm, but that being impossible, she does the worst thing she could do—she defends Aubrey from Edith's attacks.

"I don't think Aubrey is afraid of any one," she says boldly. "He was never a coward—nor a sneak," she cannot help adding, and then he .ds again over little Randal with cheeks that glow even warmer than before. But Edith is quite equal to the occasion.

"Well, dear," she answers, with languid sweetness, "you certainly ought to know more about him than I, or, indeed, any of the family, for you were so much together—from quite little children. Now don't be jealous, Sir Evelyn"—turning to him with that coquettish smile which Juliet is learning to hate. "I am sure"—with a stress on the pronoun—"you need fear no such rival as Aubrey St. John."

"I am not likely to be jealous," he answers. "We are going to look up the grouse now, Juliet, but we shall be back in time for dinner."

Some hours afterwards Juliet comes into the drawing-room, dressed for dinner, and finds Lovelace standing before the windows with his hands in his pockets, apparently lost in gloomy thought. She advances towards him hesitatingly.

"Sir Evelyn, I want to speak to you," she begins timidly.

She always feels afraid in his presence now.

"Well?" he asks.

His manner is not encouraging. She fancies he is colder than ever.

"I wanted to tell you—I only wanted to say—that what Edith said——"

But there she comes to a stop. What Edith said was perfectly true—she cannot deny it.

Bewildered by the sudden subtle accusation, and weary with the burden which she carries from day to day, she stands, flushed and stammering, before her husband, who regards her with cold displeasure.

"You wished to speak to me, I believe?" he says at last; and at his icy tones she almost breaks down.

"I thought you would think," she begins hurriedly, "that because, as a boy, Aubrey cared for me, I—perhaps—cared for him—and that I am regretting him all this time. I wanted to tell you that I am not—that it has never been more than friendliness on my part. I didn't want you to think——"

She pauses again, in great distress.

"What does it signify what I think?"

The careless, scornful tones pierce her heart.

"Do you believe me?" she says, placing herself before him in desperation. "Edith wanted to make you think——"

"Edith said not a word of what you are talking about. She spoke only of him. The other idea must have originated with yourself. 'Qui s' excuse s' accuse.'"

The cruel words spoken, he resumes his position at the window, and Juliet quietly leaves the room and goes upstairs with a face as white as marble, and a heart full of jealousy and despair.

But she is brilliant that evening at the dinner-table, and for the time being even Edith's beauty is excelled by her cousin's radiant loveliness.

Lovelace is astonished at the running fire of wit kept up by his wife—though her tongue is ever ready, as he knows from personal experience; and Aubrey thinks how happy and merry Juliet seems, and proud and fond of her Sir Evelyn must be.

The next day Juliet is standing in the morning-room, all her feverish excitement gone, a pale, sad-faced girl, with a world of sorrow in her dark-blue eyes, when she is surprised by the sudden entrance of Aubrey.

"I thought Lovelace was here," he says. "We are going to have another pop at the grouse directly."

"No, he is not here," she answers, with irrepressible bitterness. "He is taking Edith for a walk in the garden, and you and I must wait, Aubrey, until that important business is over."

"Don't speak like that, Juliet," he says. "Aren't you well this morning? I never saw you look better than you did last night, but now you are quite pale."

She turns away her head to hide the burning tears which come so quickly at any slight sympathy or show of kindness, so little of either does she get now.

But he, with his watchful gray eyes, sees the tears and draws nearer, to comfort her in her unknown sorrow.

"What is the matter, Juliet? Do let me help you if I can," he says.

"It is nothing—you cannot help me," she replies, between her sobs.

"Nothing! But you don't cry for nothing, Juliet. You always were the brightest little girl—I can't bear to see you so miserable."

She sits down in a chair and covers her face with her handkerchief, while he stands beside her in wondering distress—tall and sturdy in his gray shooting-coat, his tender, honest eyes looking down at her in great perplexity.

"Tell me what is the matter, and let me see if I can't help you," he urges presently.

She raises her head for a moment, and just as she does so Lovelace and Edith come within sight—she leaning upon his arm and smiling up into his face, while in her other hand she holds a flower—plucked for her, no doubt, by him.

"You see?" Juliet says bitterly, pointing to them. "That is what is the matter!"

She leans upon the table then, covering her face with her hands, and for the next minute nothing is heard in the quiet room but the sound of her convulsive sobbing.

Presently young St. John breaks the silence.

"No, I don't see," he answers doggedly, watching the couple as they draw nearer. "I don't see that the fact of Lovelace's walking down the garden with Edith need trouble you."

But his eyes have grown stern and troubled, and they rest upon the figure of his cousin Edith with no pleasant expression in their depths.

"But, Aubrey, it does—it must! It is my fault that they are not husband and wife. I have spoiled their lives!"

"What on earth do you mean, Juliet?" exclaims the young man, turning to her in unaffected astonishment.

"You do not know the story of my marriage, then? No, I suppose not—it has been so carefully concealed. Well, I will tell it you now. I must speak to some one, Aubrey, or my heart will break. All these months my trouble has been growing heavier and heavier—I cannot bear it alone any longer."

"Tell me, then, if it will do you good," he says.

And, sitting up straight in her chair, with her hands folded, she tells him the whole miserable story from the beginning.

He listens in utter amazement, while the couple outside turn round and retrace their steps down the winding path.

"Of course I heard about the plot to change husbands," he says at last; "but I thought—as every one else does—that you were all four of you accessories to it—Lovelace as well."

"Yes, I know, and that is what they must all continue to think. I have told you the truth, Aubrey, because I had to tell some one—I could not bear my sorrow any longer alone."

"Still, Juliet," after a pause, "I don't see what that has to do with this," nodding towards the garden. "Edith undoubtedly cares for Blakey, or she would never have given up such good prospects for him—not to speak of letting you risk so much for her."

"Oh, Aubrey, I don't know what to think!" she answers, clasping her hands together. "She was fond of Randal, I know, and terribly afraid of Sir Evelyn. I thought it so dreadful for her to be bound to such a man, but now I begin to see that I was wrong. I should have left them alone, and she would have loved him in time." She relapses into another fit of passionate weeping.

"I admit," says St. John, between his clenched teeth, as he again catches sight of the flutter of a white skirt through the green leaves, "that she is making a dead set at him. My suspicions were aroused last night, but, not having the key, I could not understand her behavior. Now I see it all. I don't believe she cares a button for him, Juliet; she is too vain and selfish to care much for anything or anybody besides herself."

"You were always hard on Edith," interposes Juliet.

"I am speaking no more than the truth now. Nor do I believe that Lovelace cares for her."

"Is he vain and selfish too?" asks Juliet, with a hysterical laugh that is immediately followed by tears.

"Is Edith going to stay with you until Randal comes back?" Aubrey asks, when she is more composed.

"I don't know. She doesn't speak of going."

"I should give her a pretty broad hint if I were you."

"No, I can't do that. She might guess the reason, and I should not like her to think that I fear her. It has done me a great deal of good, Aubrey—this talk with you—though perhaps I should not have told you; but Edith's departure alone cannot make me happy—as things are. I love my husband now, Aubrey, though he does not love me."

She makes this confession with a patient sweetness that is new to her impetuous spirit; and Aubrey answers her in passionate indignation—

"He must be a brute if he doesn't, then!"

CHAPTER IX.

FOR the few days that Aubrey St. John remains at Tenham he constitutes himself Edith's chief attendant, leaving Lovelace and his wife at liberty to pass their time together or apart, as they choose.

It was he who takes Edith for walks in the garden, and puts her into the carriage when they go for a drive.

He carries her cup of tea to her in the drawing-room after dinner, and lingers near her chair while she drinks it; and when she wants assistance of any kind—which is very frequently—he is always at hand to render it.

The young fellow is very much in earnest in this matter, hoping by his behavior to show that Edith's monopoly of her cousin's husband has gone to such lengths that it has become noticeable, and therefore undesirable—but if she sees his meaning she takes no heed.

"I don't know what Aubrey has taken into his head lately," she says to Juliet—"to dance attendance upon me like this. He never cared to speak two words to me before, and I am not going to believe that he has changed his mind now—he was always an obstinate boy. I think it must be in order to blind Sir Evelyn to his love for you."

"You have no right to say such a thing," answers Juliet warmly. "Aubrey would never act such a part; and really, Edith, I think you ought not to talk about other men being in love with either of us, when we each have our own husbands."

"Now that is nonsense!" declares Edith placidly, turning over the colored wools in her lap. "Neither speech nor silence will alter the fact that I have just mentioned. You know Aubrey is terribly in love with you."

"I know nothing of the kind. He was, perhaps, before I was married, but I don't believe that he would allow himself to think of any such thing now."

"Well, 'was,' then, if that pleases you better," acquiesces Edith, "though, really, my dear, there is little or no difference. Yes, Aubrey always admired you, and he never cared for me—but that was not to be expected. The same man would never admire both you and me, Juliet—we are in such different styles, though I suppose there is some likeness between us."

When Aubrey has gone back to Oaklands, Edith resumes her monopoly of Lovelace, with no one to interrupt her, for Juliet scorns to say a word, or to appear in any way to notice her behavior.

She spoiled her life for Edith's sake—if Edith can so treat her now, in her own house, she has nothing to say; but all love and confidence between them are at an end.

One bright morning, at the end of September, Randal's name appears in the newspapers among the reported as "missing."

Edith faints away at the breakfast-table, and when she is restored to her senses there is a terrible scene, which tries Juliet's overstrung nerves to the full.

It is in vain that they try to persuade her that this is by no means conclusive evidence of his death.

He may have been taken prisoner, or have escaped from the enemy and be in hiding—a dozen things may have happened to him; but she will hear nothing—she will take no comfort to herself.

"He is killed, my own darling husband—I know he is killed!" she wails; and Juliet, looking on at the grief which she is powerless to assuage, reproaches herself for having imagined that Edith had a single thought for any one besides her husband.

"I daresay it comforted her to talk to Sir Evelyn," she says to herself; "and of course he would rather talk to her than to me. I shall see now that no one except Randal occupies her mind."

But, to her astonishment, Edith seems to care more than ever to talk to Sir Evelyn after her first agitation has subsided; she leans upon him, and looks up to him as she never did before.

"My girl," says the old Colonel to his niece one day in early winter, "I don't know what Lovelace can be thinking about not to take better care of you. You are like the shadow of your old self."

"No, indeed, uncle; I am quite well," she insists gently.

"Even your voice is different," he goes on. "It has lost its freshness. Do you mean to tell me that you are really as well and happy as you were nearly two years ago, before you were married?"

She does not know how to reply to this question, and, when at last she does speak, tears almost choke her voice.

"You ought to have gone away for a change," the old man says. "Lovelace would have taken you if he had thought of it, I know; but he has been very busy about the place, and couldn't very well leave. I can't tell you one-half what he is doing for the poor people, Juliet; but, if ever there was a good landlord, it is he. Still you ought to have had a change; you must have one ow, I think. I shall speak to him about it. Half a word would be enough, I am sure."

"Oh, no uncle," she says eagerly; "Don't you begin that too! He wanted me to go to Italy with his cousin, Lady Thorncroft; but I wouldn't. I told him so."

"You told him you wouldn't? Does he allow you to address him in those terms, young lady? If so, you are the only one, I can tell you!"

"I believe he was vexed," she answers, blushing and faltering painfully. "But he did not insist upon my going; and, if he had, uncle I would have run away!"

"What! As insubordinate as ever! Your old spirit isn't gone, Julie."

He laughs in keen enjoyment of his favorite's pluck, but she almost weeps as she clings to him.

"Uncle Phil—dear uncle Phil, promise me that you won't say anything to him about sending me away! I should die if I were sent away!"

"I can't say anything about that, my dear," he answers firmly, though with unusual tenderness. "Your health must be thought of even before your wishes. We'll hear what Doctor Abbott says. It may not be necessary for you to go as far away as Italy, you know. Somewhere in England may answer the purpose. But I begin to think that a change is the only thing for you."

"Does he mean that I am going to die?" thinks Juliet, after her uncle has gone, and she stands looking meditatively into the fire.

Oh, how glad she would be! She would be out of everybody's way then, and if Randal should be dead, then Edith and Sir Evelyn could be married.

Randal's regiment has just returned covered with glory. Nothing can be heard of the missing officer.

Every inquiry has been made, and official search has been instituted, but all in vain. No trace of him can be found, and the young man's fate is wrapped in mystery.

Presently Edith enters the room, and sinks languidly into a comfortable low chair by the fire.

"You have no idea how ill I feel, Juliet," she commences, putting one little satin-covered foot on the fender and closing her eyes. "I have such dreadful palpitations—I am sure I laid awake more than half the night, and Prescott had to sit up with me the whole time. What with baby teething—so fretful as he is—I am sure my troubles are more than I know how to bear."

Juliet does not pity her much on this last score, for she knows that she concerns herself but slightly with little Randal, who is chiefly attended to by his own nurse and by Juliet herself.

Many nights lately, since his teeth have made him ill, she has sat up with him taking it in turns with the nurse.

"It is too hard," Edith goes on plaintively. "I may not even mourn my dear husband, though in my own mind I am perfectly assured of his death. Oh, it is very hard," she continues, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "that I do not even know whether I am a widow, and my child fatherless! It ought not to be—the truth ought to be found out in some way—I have a right to know the truth!" she repeats.

And Juliet, shocked and ashamed, suddenly awakes to the fact that Edith would rather have positive knowledge of Randal's death than be left in uncertainty about it.

There is no tender regret in the tone of her voice, no passionate longing to see him again—no clinging to the faint hopes of his return—only a peevish repining because his life or death is a matter for doubt.

From that moment Juliet feels all the anxiety that his wife should feel—she longs and prays for his return with passionate fervor, remembering, in strong anguish, that when the news of his death reaches them, she will be the only one remaining who stands between Edith and Sir Evelyn. Oh, surely she must die then, she thinks.

In the course of one short week however there is a decided change at Tenham. It is arranged that Juliet shall spend Christmas and some weeks following with the Thorncrofts, at their own house in Kent, whither they returned some time back.

She makes only one feeble remonstrance to her uncle.

"But what is to become of Edith?" she asks. "I cannot turn her out."

"She has been with you quite long enough," he answers. "I am afraid the charge of her and the boy at once has been altogether too much for you. It is time she found another home, and she can scarcely do better than stay with me until Blakey comes back."

Juliet feels certain that Edith will never stay at Compton Cheney—that she will endure anything rather than live under the restraint of the father whom she has always feared more than she loved; but, to her utter astonishment, Edith announces her intention of accepting her father's offer, and begins to make arrangements for a visit of indefinite length to her old home.

Juliet knows then that there can be but one reason for her determination—the desire to be near Lovelace.

She will see him every day; he will be in and out continually with the Colonel—she

will be able to talk to him—to gaze upon his face—while she herself—his wife—is to be exiled from him!

Juliet is full of sorrowful indignation, but what can she say? Edith has more right to be under her father's roof than any other whilst her husband is away, and, if it chances to be within easy distance of Tenham and its master, whose fault is that?

Not hers, certainly, but Juliet chafes and frets under the hard facts, seeing the bare truth which lies beneath them.

Edith is in very good spirits. She does not seem to mind her forced removal, and she shows but small concern for her cousin's growing weakness, contenting herself with expressing a hope that she will come back with a little more flesh on her bones, for really she is nothing but a living skeleton at the present moment.

Lovelace seems as though suddenly awakened to the knowledge of his wife's critical state; and, for the time that she remains at Tenham, is more than ordinarily careful and attentive, though there is an entire absence of any tenderness in his manner.

He takes her to Thorncroft Hall himself, and places her in the hands of his cousin, with a recommendation to her kindest care.

Not a thought ever crosses that good lady's mind that the pale wasted girl brought to her to see what change of air and good nursing will do is simply dying for love of that husband who has just shown such earnest though quiet solicitude for her.

"Why, my dear, whatever have you been doing to yourself?" she asks, startled at the sight of Juliet's white face as she is half led, half supported from the carriage to the hall door.

"Nothing, dear Lady Thorncroft," answers the girl, smiling faintly into the kind, concerned face. "Perhaps if I had had more to do I might have been better. My illness is not from overwork—I can assure you of that."

"Poor child! And the last time we met you were the gayest of the gay, with such roses on those poor cheeks!"—patting them gently. "Well, my dear, you want taking care of, it is easy to see that, and our sweet Kentish air may do wonders for you."

She does her very best, and Juliet presently revives a little, almost in spite of herself, under Lady Thorncroft's untiring care and watchful tenderness.

Edith does not write to her cousin, nor does Juliet wish to hear from her—if she is absent from the one whom she loves best, it is at least a relief to be rid of the society of another whom she has learned to fear and dislike.

She cannot play with Edgar and Harry now; but in their quieter moods they love to come and linger round their dear Lady Lovelace, and hear her talk to them in her sweet falling voice.

If this is dying, then she thinks death must be kind indeed. She wants but one sight of her husband's face to content her for evermore.

She falls asleep on her couch one dim afternoon, and when she awakes she is conscious of a presence in the room, a something, she cannot tell what.

She raises herself, and looks about her; but the darkness has gathered fast while she has been sleeping, and she can see nothing.

"Don't be frightened, Juliet. It is only I," says the voice of her husband, as he advances from a dusky corner, which the cheerful glow of the wood-fire is not able to reach.

"Sir Evelyn! What is the matter?" she asks, in startled tones, rising to her feet half dazed, and looking at her husband almost in terror.

"Why should anything be the matter because I am here?" he demands. "May I not come to see how you are?"

There is no one in the room but themselves.

"But something is the matter," she persists.

"I have come to fetch you home, if you are able to travel; but you scarcely look fit for it. However——" His pause is significant.

"What is it?" she asks, trembling in her weakness.

"The Colonel is ill, and he has a fancy to see you"—speaking as carelessly as he can, but her ear detects the underlying gravity of his tones. "Do you think you can bear the journey in this weather?"

"Of course. I could bear anything for him."

Her weakness is at once forgotten, and in a few minutes she is her old clear-headed, determined self.

She talks over Lady Thorncroft, and goes upstairs to dress for the journey, while her kind hostess is still disputing with Sir Evelyn on the subject.

"It will very probably be the death of her," she declares.

"I will take care of her," says Sir Evelyn. "Now that she knows of her uncle's illness she would far more likely die of fretting to be with him, if she were kept here against her will. Besides, he is dying, and wants to see her. She has always been more like a daughter to him than Edith; and I don't feel that I ought to keep her from him at such a time. She shall have every care, you may be sure of that."

Little is said on the homeward way, and that is on the subject of the Colonel's illness.

"Is it serious?" Juliet asks.

"I believe so."

"Is there hope?"

"I fear not much. Doctor Abbott is not encouraging. Not that he is such an old man, but he seems to have suddenly broken up."

She does not cry, she does not even sorrow for her best friend—yet; she saves all her strength for what is before her. One other question she asks, and then she has done.

"Is Edith there now?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER X.

JULIET, my girl, is that you?"

She scarcely recognizes the pinched face on the pillow, so gray is the pallor of the skin, so deep are the hollows round the keen bright eyes, dim now in approaching death.

"Yes, darling, I have come to you," she says, stooping over the stern worn face which has always been so dear to her.

"I wanted to say good-bye to you, my dear. I'm going fast."

"No, dear uncle, no; I want you. What shall I do without you?"

"You have your husband."

At that answer she falls upon her knees by the bedside, in a sudden agony of passionate, desolate tears.

"Juliet, my dear, there are a few things I must say to you before I start on my long journey. Is there any one else in the room?"

"No, uncle;"

"My girl, when first you came home to Tenham with your husband I had good hopes of your marriage turning out a happy one for both of you, though it was rather a queer one"—a momentary smile lighting up his pale face. "You were a plucky girl, Juliet, and men of Lovelace's stamp generally admire pluck; and for a time I thought my expectations were being gradually realized, but lately I have fancied differently, somehow or other. I don't know whether my fancies have misled me; I have been growing old very fast this last year. Am I right or wrong?"

"Right, uncle, I am afraid," she whispers.

"Then I wish I had done it before; but there seemed no necessity; he especially charged me to keep it to myself. You seemed pretty happy until last summer, though at times I thought you seemed to pine a little; but that was scarcely to be wondered at; perhaps there was some girlish affair to get over, eh, Juliet?"

"No, uncle," she answers clearly; "I never loved any one but my husband. I love him, if it will comfort you to know it."

A gleam of satisfaction passes over his tired face.

"Then it will be all right, Juliet. I thought, if anywhere, the lack of love was on your side."

He lies silent for a long time, while she remains in her kneeling position beside him, wondering what he means, and if he is really dying, this dear uncle who is so kind under his outer sternness, so thoughtful and tender beneath his rough exterior. Presently he speaks again.

"I forgot what I was saying. I have been all this time trying to remember it, and where—where I put it. Let me tell you at once, Juliet, before I forget. There is a letter from your husband to me—about you—in the little top drawer of the cabinet in my study. It isn't locked; you have only to pull open the drawer. There are others there along with it, but you will know his handwriting from the rest. I was not to tell you, Juliet; he thought it was not the best way to win your love; but now, I think it will do you good. Read it, Juliet, and after that I think you and he will get on all right."

"Thank you, dear uncle," she answers, bending over him. "I will do all that you say, and, please Heaven, we shall be happy then."

He looks at her contentedly, now that the burden is off his mind.

"He ought to be proud of you," he says feebly. "And, Juliet, you will look after Edith, if her husband never comes back? She is weakly, and can't do much for herself."

"Yes, darling; I will always take care of her and little Randal."

"Ah, yes; I forgot the boy, though I'm very proud of him! I'm getting very sleepy, Juliet. Give me a kiss, and send Lovelace in, I want to speak to him, and then I'll have a nap, and perhaps I shall wake up brighter."

She does his bidding, and after his interview with his kinsman he almost immediately falls asleep—never to wake again.

Within the next two hours the master of Compton Cheney yields up his last unconscious breath, with his niece sitting by his side, holding his hand, for she crept back into the room directly after her husband's departure.

A day or two pass by. Juliet keeps as much by herself as possible, and sees very little of her husband or cousin.

When she is not with the little boy she is generally to be found in the still chamber of death, kneeling by the side of that motionless form dimly defined under the snow-white sheet, gazing upon the set, stern face, which however does not look half so cold as it feels when she puts her lips to the icy forehead.

A good many of the family are expected for the funeral, but they have not yet arrived, and the stillness is undisturbed: a deep hush has fallen upon the house, footsteps and voices are muffled, and only Edith's lamentations are faintly heard from the darkened room where she lies bewailing the sad fate which has bereft her of both husband and father.

To add to the general gloom and sadness which overshadow the house as with a pall, little Randal is taken with convulsions so violent that his life is despaired of, and, Edith being utterly incapable, all the care of the child falls upon Juliet and his nurse; and, on the day when all that remains of Colonel St. John is carried out to be laid with his fathers, Edith lies helpless upon her bed, really ill now from the shock of the sad event of the past week, while Juliet and the nurse watch the boy through the most painful and dangerous period of his little life.

Juliet has little or no time for her own grief, and the additional anxiety is trying her slight strength to its very utmost.

On the day following the funeral, the child rallies to such an extent that Juliet finds herself, for the first time since her uncle's death, with some leisure time on her hands, and her thoughts, going tenderly and sorrowfully over his last words to her, presently revert to the letter of which he had spoken.

When at last she rouses herself from her sad reverie, she proceeds to the study, and, going to the little cabinet in the recess by the fireplace, she pulls open the top drawer as instructed.

She turns over the letters and papers until she comes upon one directed in her husband's firm hand, and, carrying it to her own room, she stands by the window, and reads:

"My dear Colonel—I have a piece of intelligence for you which I fear will prove a somewhat disagreeable surprise; but I think it wiser to acquaint you with it now, that you may be prond to see your niece, instead of your daughter, returning with me on Thursday. It appears that your daughter and Captain Blakey were enamored of one another—though this is the first I have ever heard of it—and her engagement to me was causing her so much trouble that your niece determined to help her to be rid of her objectionable suitor in some way or other; and finally, by some art perfectly incomprehensible to me, the two young ladies managed each to pass for the other at the wedding, changing places several times in order to keep up the illusion. The deception was maintained until both couples were fairly en route for their respective destinations. It was not until the train had proceeded some distance from the station that I discovered, to my utter amazement, that your niece—not your daughter—was my companion, and that, in fact, when I believed I was marrying the latter, it was the former whom I received as my wife, while your daughter was plighting her faith to Captain Blakey, who was of course a party to this most ingenious and daring fraud.

"But, sir, I must beg you not to visit your natural and justifiable anger too unsparingly upon their heads. They are all very young and inexperienced, as you will judge when I tell you that your niece assured me that she had no idea she was really marrying me, thinking that, because in her own mind she did not seriously mean the vows she took that day, and signed the register falsely, the ceremony was not legal. She was considerably and disagreeably surprised when I informed her that she was undeniably and lawfully my wife.

"I think it possible that such a marriage might be dissolved; but, even were I inclined to try for it, our end could not be gained, for, in consequence of this false signing of the register, Captain and Mrs. Blakey had doubts as to the validity of their marriage, and had therefore made arrangements to have the ceremony performed a second time on their arrival at Folkestone, so that all possibility of the proposed joining of the two estates is at an end. You will no doubt be astonished when I tell you that that will be no disappointment to me; but, since this strange event has occurred, I have no longer reason to withhold the truth from you.

"I admired your daughter exceedingly, and esteemed her highly, as you are aware, and looked forward with great satisfaction to seeing her at once the mistress and the ornament of my home; but it was not until I met your niece that I knew what it was to love. I had not seen her half-a-dozen times before I loved her with all the strength of my heart, though my passion did not blind me to the fact that she regarded me with more than indifference—with positive dislike. Had it been otherwise, however, I should still have endeavored most strenuously to keep my word to you and your daughter. But permit me to add that, had I known how extremely distasteful to your daughter was the idea of marriage with me, I would not have persisted in it. I believed that she was only slightly unwilling, that perhaps she thought me but a grim bridegroom, I meant to show her every care and kindness, and had no doubt of a happy result; but I certainly was not aware that there was a younger and more favored suitor in the background, or I would have waived my claim at once.

"To return to the subject of my wife. Chance having put my happiness into my hands, I mean to hold it fast, I am too selfish to let it go, and, if I were to yield to her wishes, and try to get the marriage annulled, it would not be to her advantage in the end, for, even if I succeeded, it is scarcely likely that she would make a very good match after such an escapade, these things always get wind, and are exaggerated out of all likeness to the simple truth. Expediency and my own wish point in the same direction, and I think I am fully justified in keeping her, though sorely against her will. She does not like me now, in fact, she dislikes me very much indeed, but I have heard that in such matters hatred, or intense dislike, is more hopeful than indifference, as it not infrequently changes to the opposite extreme. How true it is I cannot tell; but I am going to venture my life's happiness upon the hope of it. The dearest wish of my heart is that my wife may learn to love the husband who will never fail in his deep affection for her.

"But I will say no more about that, for, as it is, you must never think me a fool, and I am sure you never heard me talk in such a strain as I am writing now. Still, I know your fondness for your niece, and I cannot believe that you will be sorry to hear she has fallen into no worse hands than mine, after such a wild, though most noble act of self-sacrifice. Sir, in considering this I beg you to keep in remembrance the fact that your niece has risked her life's happiness for that of your daughter, that Captain and Mrs. Blakey have consummated their much desired union at her expense; and you must allow me to observe that I think her faithful affection for her cousin, the courage and fortitude displayed by her in the most trying circumstances worthy of the highest praise. I earnestly entreat your pardon for her, it is your anger that she fears, is as the thought of your displeasure that grieves her. What she did she would not have done for any one else but her dearly-loved cousin and your daughter—let this consideration have its due weight with you.

"I have not told her that I am writing to you, and she is dreading the return home, because, however fearlessly she has braved the wrath of her husband—whom she dislikes—she knows she cannot treat you—whom she loves—in the same fashion.

"We shall take the mid-day train from Huddersfield, and expect to arrive at Compton about 6. "Yours truly,

"EVELYN V. LOVELACE.

"Evelyn Priory, April 5, 18—."

The letter is dated within a month from their marriage. Juliet reads it in great astonishment, her heart glowing with tender gladness and fresh hopes bursting suddenly into full bloom—hopes which she had never dared to cherish until this bright moment.

Then he loved her all the time—that was why he would not try to get the marriage set aside! But how is she to account for all his coldness, and, at times, absolute unkindness, to her? Oh, she cannot account for anything—she can think only of one thing in the sudden new joy! Her husband loves her—that is enough for her! She is wildly happy—almost delirious in her joyful ecstasy as she stands by the window in the twilight, clasping the precious letter to her breast. All will be right now; she will tell him about it.

At that moment she hears his step in the corridor, and, with a sudden impulse to take advantage of the opportunity, she flies to the door and overtakes him before he reaches the head of the stairs.

"Sir Evelyn!" she exclaims, putting her hand on his arm.

And then, as the light from the lamp above their heads falls upon his stern dark face, she shrinks back, something of her old fear of him overcoming her gladness.

"Hush, Juliet!" he says coldly. "You will awaken your cousin if you speak so loudly. Prescott tells me that she has just fallen asleep for the first time for three days. I beg you will be careful."

He goes down the stairs without taking any further notice of her, and she leans over the baluster, watching him as one who is stunned by a terrible blow, yet noticing vaguely how he softens his footsteps—for Edith's sake.

When he has disappeared, she creeps noiselessly to her room, and sits down before the fire in the gathering darkness, first dropping the letter softly into the glowing mass of coal, and then staring blankly at it.

She had forgotten Edith. Of course he loves her now.

Just a little while, when he was piqued by Edith's coldness to him, he thought he loved her—Juliet; but he could not help loving Edith directly she showed herself kind to him.

He admired her—the letter said so. What a noble letter it was, shielding the girl who had so duped him, defending her in every possible way, a letter worthy of the high-minded man who wrote it!

Oh, if only she could have held that passionate, short-lived love! They could not help loving each other, Edith and he, and she ought to have left them alone.

Her head falls forward upon her breast, the listless hands unclasp, and she loses consciousness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WILLOW.—There is no tree that is so sure to grow without any care as the willow. A twig from a branch of the tree stuck into the moist earth, and the labor is completed. An article in a German contemporary recommends the cultivation of willow trees, not only from an economical or industrial point of view, but also for hygienic purposes. They are especially useful where the drinking water is taken from fountains or natural wells, and still more where there are morasses and meadows; for in the vicinity of willow trees water is always clear and pure. Let those who doubt this fact place a piece of willow which has not yet begun to strike into a bottle of water, and place this within another bottle containing water only, in a warm room for eighty days; in the first bottle will be found shoots and rootlets in clear water, while the other bottle will contain putrefying water. Holland is covered with willows, and the dam works are made stronger by the network formed by the roots.

MIZPAH.

BY C. L.

Six little letters, dearest,
To rest on when we part:
Six little, simple letters,
Grav'd on each waiting heart.

A little word; but holding
The two lives sever'd now:
A slender link, yet keeping
Each fondly utter'd vow.

Mizpah—we know and love it,
And while we parted be,
The Lord that we have pray'd to
Will watch o'er thee and me!

WITHIN A WEEK.

BY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER III.

THE Cathedral chimes of the quaint old city of Wallington were ringing out a quarter after eleven on the morning following Lady Blankeney's garden party, when Mrs. Whitworth and Maude entered the sacred building.

The rays of the sun were streaming through the stained glass windows, and casting reflections of red and yellow and blue on the black and white marble pavement of the nave.

But now leaving the two ladies to make their tour of inspection, we will endeavor to give our readers a slight sketch of the hallowed edifice, and its vicissitudes.

It was in the seventh century that the See of Wallington was founded, and its first Cathedral erected by Bishop Oswald in 983.

But the invasion of the Danes wrought sad havoc in the Severn Valley, for the advent of these marauders nearly depopulated the whole district, and the entire destruction of the Cathedral by the soldiers of Hardicanute followed in 1041.

Forty-three years afterwards, Bishop Walshaw began the rebuilding of the Cathedral, which was completed five years later, and portions of the Norman work are still to be found in the crypt and other parts of the edifice.

Fires and wars and the falling of the Norman towers made great havoc with the good Bishop's pious undertaking, but from time to time since that early date the Cathedral has undergone reconstruction; thus the Lady Chapel, upper transepts, and choir all belong to the Early English period, the English sculpture in the latter being regarded as peculiarly beautiful.

The nave and aisles are in the decorated style, and the principal porch, the cloisters, and Prince Arthur's Chapel belong to the perpendicular, which brings us down to the period between 1377 and 1546.

Most of the ancient monuments, and all the brasses and stained glass, were swept away by the hand of the vandal during the Civil Wars; but among the former which have escaped the destruction of that age ranks foremost the tomb of King John in the choir, the oldest regal monument to be found in his native land.

Prince Arthur's Mortuary Chapel, containing the altar tomb of Henry VII.'s young son, cannot fail to be an object of especial attraction to every art-loving student, owing to its interesting sculptures, belonging to the Florentine school.

In 1712 was begun the work of repairing the Cathedral, but it was not until 1857 that that it was resolved upon to try and restore the edifice to something of its original beauty and splendor, a work which reached its consummation in 1874, when, owing in a large measure to the munificence of the late Earl of D——, the entire Cathedral was reopened in a completely restored condition.

The modern work worthy of record consists of the almost complete re-building of the north porch, which has been furnished with handsome gates and embellished with elaborate canopy work, and niches filled with statues of our Lord and the chosen twelve, together with other characters mentioned in Holy writ.

The splendid alabaster reredos, inlaid with lapis lazuli, mosaic, and malachite, is the gift of a former Dean, bestowed in memory of the deceased wife, and contains five large statues over the altar of Our Lord (seated with hands upraised, in the act of benediction), and the four Evangelists.

There are also figures of the Holy Apostles, the Prophets, and Law-giver, and of the two Kings, David and Solomon, together with a company of angels, all artistically carved.

Among the many interesting features of the restoration, rank perhaps foremost the wood carvings beneath the stall seats.

These date back to 1397, and were originally the miserere seats of the monks who inhabited Wallington Priory.

The subjects which they illustrate are many and various, Scriptural, domestic, and social; nor are there wanting representations of the perpetual strife which waged between the monastic orders and the secular clergy, a warfare whence also the gargoyles (which may be noticed on almost every building laying claim to antiquity) are said by some to derive their origin.

A gorgeous screen, the work of Sir Gilbert Scott, now divides the choir from the nave, and the former is separated from the aisles by colored grilles of metal work by Skidmore.

The magnificent pulpit of alabaster and marble, elaborate in design and rich in material, is the gift of the late Earl of D——.

The sculptured subjects are illustrations of four preaching incidents: St. John the Baptist in the wilderness, Our Lord's sermon on the Mount, St. Peter on the Day of Pentecost, and St. Paul at Athens.

There are also a number of niches occupied by figures representing the first Christian martyr and the four Latin Fathers of the Church.

It was to this last work of art, after a careful inspection of the whole interior of the sacred fane, that Mrs. Whitworth and Maude had retraced their steps, in order to take a parting look at its beauties before finally quitting the Cathedral, when a voice behind exclaimed softly:

"Wasn't that a splendid gift?" and turning quickly, they beheld Sir Victor Corbet behind them.

"You here, Sir Victor!" exclaimed the elder lady. "This is an unexpected pleasure, for I should not have thought Cathedrals were much in your line."

"On the contrary, they interest me immensely, and I admire this one especially; the coup d'oeil from the west end always strikes me as particularly fine. But I hope you are only beginning your lionising?"

"On the contrary, we have finished, and are just going. I have still some shopping to do, and then we must think of luncheon. Later, I must take Miss Douglas to the Porcelain Works, and we shall get down to the cricket ground, I hope, about four o'clock."

"I thought you were not coming until this afternoon, Sir Victor?"

It was Maude who spoke, as they all three emerged from the hallowed building by the great north door into the Cathedral close, or College Green as it is called, and made their way along the narrow, crowded streets.

"Young Vavasour had to come in on business, and I decided to accompany him. I am very fond of Wallington, and always enjoy a look at the Cathedral."

"At what time will the rest of the Merton Castle party be in?" asked Mrs. Whitworth.

"Reginald and I arranged to meet them on the cricket ground at half-past three o'clock."

"And what are you going to do with yourself until then?"

"I intend to make an inspection of the China Works after luncheon."

"Well, then, would you like to call for us at the Ladies' Club at half-past two, and we could go there together?" suggested Mrs. Whitworth.

Of course, Sir Victor was only too delighted to be of so much use; and Ida Vavasour's lip curled scornfully when, considerably after four o'clock, he at length appeared on the cricket ground in company with Mrs. Whitworth and Maude.

"What an amount you must have found to do in the town, Sir Victor, to keep you all this time," she exclaimed, sarcastically, as the trio joined the Merton Castle party.

"I have accomplished a great deal," was the quiet rejoinder; but the look which he flashed upon her warned Miss Vavasour that he was in no mood to be trifled with, so she left him in peace for the remainder of the afternoon, and gave herself up to the society of Mr. Maguire Dodd.

"That is an excessively pretty young lady you have staying with you," remarked Lady Blankeney to Mrs. Whitworth. "What a sensation she would create in London! A Miss Douglas I think you said?"

"Yes, her father and mother live near Oxford; he has the living of Ipsley. Very charming people, I believe they are. Maude was staying in town last winter with her aunt and my great friend, you know, Mrs. Foster. I met her two or three times, and completely lost my heart to her."

"And you are not the only one who has done so, I should say," replied Lady Blankeney, surveying through her eyeglass the group seated at a little distance from them, and which consisted of her second daughter, Sir Victor, and Maude.

"How small the world is!" Edith was just saying. "Fancy your second brother Jack being on board the 'Lapwing!' How old did you say he is?"

"Sixteen," answered Maude. "He joined her last autumn, and they are now at Halifax. The 'Lapwing' is the flagship of the West Indian and North American Squadron, and we have glowing accounts from Jack of all their gay doings."

"Does he like—I mean, has he ever mentioned his Captain—Graham is his name?" asked Edith, very quietly.

"Captain Graham! why Jack is perfectly devoted to him; he hardly ever writes a letter without telling us what a splendid officer and good fellow he is."

"Do you know him, Miss Vavasour?" inquired Sir Victor, looking intently at Edith.

"Yes."

She cast down her eyes as she uttered the simple monosyllable, and then said softly to Maude:

"How I should like to know your brother!"

Something seemed suddenly to rise in Maude's throat and choke her; some subtle instinct prompted her to steal her hand into Edith's, as she replied:

"And so I hope you will some day."

The pressure of her hand was returned; and from that moment the two girls became fast friends.

A week previously Maude would have been incapable of divining Edith's secret; but under a sense of the joy which had just begun to brighten her own horizon, and of which she was not yet even wholly conscious, her perceptions seemed sharpened and all the tenderness latent in her nature to be expanding even as the rising of the sun brings light and warmth upon the face of the earth, and opens up to our view beauties in landscape and flowers and leaves, of which we should have remained ignorant but for its reviving and gladdening influence.

Sir Victor was the first to break the silence by remarking cheerfully:

"He is sure to get on, anyhow."

"Who?" asked Maude.

"Why Captain Graham, of course. When he was on the East African station, he distinguished himself very much in the capture of a slave dhow; they had a smart tussle for it though, and two sailors were killed. Graham's gallantry on that occasion isn't forgotten at head-quarters, and I know old Admiral Sir Charles Tumpson has a great opinion of him, and will get him a good berth by-and-by, if he can. But, halloa! there are the Wallingtonshire men all out, and as it only wants five minutes before the stumps are drawn, I suppose the Zingari will hardly think of going in for their second innings, so it will be a case of our moving off shortly. How fast the time has gone!"

"A proof that you have been in pleasant company," said Edith, laughing.

Her spirits had risen again, and she was once more her merry self. Perhaps Sir Victor's remarks about Captain Graham's bravery had had something to do with it.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO or three days after the events recorded in our last chapter, Ida and Edith Vavasour were seated in the former's room, on their return from Alton Hill, talking over Mrs. Greenwood's tennis party.

Both girls were dressed alike, in white embroidered muslin, which fitted them to perfection, and showed up the elder's dark beauty to great advantage.

Edith was reposing in the depths of a most comfortable arm-chair, placed near one of the windows, which commanded a fine view of the sloping terrace and extensive park beyond, bounded by the Malvern Hills.

Her sailor hat, trimmed with an abundance of white bows, after the fashion of the year, lay upon her lap; her eyes were fixed earnestly upon her sister's face, as if she were endeavoring to read her innermost thoughts, while the little frown which puckered her usually serene brow denoted that some slight disagreement had arisen between them.

"I cannot believe that you really intended to have him, Ida—I cannot, indeed."

"There will be time enough for you to make your objections, my dear child, when he has proposed. I daresay he means nothing, after all."

"Well, he could not have been more attentive to you than he was this afternoon. Everyone must surely have noticed it. Maguire Dodd! My goodness, what a name!"

"It sounds better than Dodd alone, anyhow."

"Does it?" sarcastically. "And then, his people! Did you see them? They arrived at the Greenwoods' this morning from Evesford."

"I was introduced to both the father and mother."

"By whom, pray?" inquired Edith, very angrily.

"By their hostess, at my own request," answered Miss Vavasour. "They are very wealthy," she added, reflectively, "Mrs. Greenwood assured me that they have not less than between 50,000 and 60,000 a year."

"And only that one son to inherit it all?"

"Every penny of it has been made in trade, the greater part of it in soap. Apple-tree soap! You may see it emblazoned at every station, and advertised all over the place," retorted the younger girl.

"There is no need for you to be so vehement; it is a very cleanly article, anyhow; besides it is not how the money is made, but the possession of it, which is the chief point in the present day."

"Don't talk like that," cried Edith, springing to her feet. "It is unworthy of you, Ida; and I hate such worldly sentiments."

"Your hatred of them will not prevent their existence."

"Let them exist then, but not for you and me."

She crossed the room as she spoke, and kneeling down, laid her head wearily on her sister's knee.

"Oh, Ida, Ida!" she murmured, in saddened tones, "surely wealth is not all one ought to look for in one's future husband."

"You certainly never sought it, dear, when you gave your heart away to Herbert Graham," replied Miss Vavasour, gently.

"He is good and brave, though"—the words came with a little sob"—and he loves me dearly."

"Yes, I believe he really does; but don't cry, Edith, or you won't be fit to be seen at dinner-time. Tell me, what were you and Maude Douglas laughing at just before we came away from Alton Hill?"

"Why, it is too absurd!" replied Edith, raising her head, and smiling even through her tears. "Maude was telling me that when she and Sir Victor were eating ices together, under that lovely old cedar-tree on the lawn, they looked up, and there, almost opposite to them, alternately waving an enormous red fan and helping herself plentifully to the Greenwoods' splendid peaches, sat Mrs. Maguire Dodd."

"What was there funny in that?"

"Listen to the end. Both Sir Victor and Maude instantly recognized her as the very same old lady who traveled in their car as far as Evesford the day they came down here. Don't you recollect how he made us laugh the evening he arrived with that capital description of the vulgar, elderly lady, whose appetite was unimpaired by the excessive heat?"

"Yes, I remember; he said she ate all the luncheon, while her husband snored in the corner."

"Exactly. And then they came to stay at the Greenwoods', and turn out to be the parents of the man whom the Honorable Ida Vavasour contemplates accepting!" said Edith, tragically. But if she thought to move her sister in the least degree she must have been disappointed, for Miss Vavasour remained perfectly unruffled, and only replied, in the calm, even tones so habitual to her:

"Just so; but you must at least acknowledge, Edith, that he is an improvement on his parents."

"He is just bearable. They are not."

"That is hardly overwhelming praise."

"I know there is no moving you, when once you have made up your mind," continued Edith, disregarding her sister's irony. "But I still maintain, Ida, that though you have reached the age of six-and-twenty, you are throwing yourself away if you marry Mr. Maguire Dodd."

"Should he give me the opportunity, I am not quite sure that I intend to accept him; but if I do, it will not be the first time that the Peerage and trade have been allied. Papa is by no means rolling in wealth. How can he be, with eleven children to provide for? and an ancient pedigree only will not keep this place in the family. But we have discussed the subject enough. Do you think, for you are quick of observation, that Sir Victor is serious in his attentions to Miss Douglas?"

"I should say he is," replied Edith, with deliberation. "He spent the whole of yesterday afternoon at Whitworth Court rowing Maude about on the lake."

"I know, walked there and back, and stayed for tea. So you are of opinion that the unimpressionable Sir Victor Corbet is caught at last?"

"I am quite sure about it."

"Why, has he made you his confidnate?" asked Ida, hastily.

"Hardly, but we were talking this morning about Maude, you know. Sue and I have become great friends; and from one or two remarks Sir Victor made, I feel pretty certain that it won't be very long before he places his fate in her hands."

"Ah! I thought so."

"What is that sigh for, Ida?" said Edith, raising her head quickly.

"Did I sigh? Indigestion, probably," was the unmoved answer. Then she continued: "But what was that you were saying as we drove home, about Miss Douglas coming here to-morrow for the Jubilee county ball?"

"Why, I got mother to arrange it all with Mrs. Whitworth this afternoon. You see, having lost her uncle so recently, it is impossible for her to appear at a public ball; and the Colonel hates dancing, and is only too thankful for a loophole of escape, so Maude is to be here in time for tea to-morrow, and stay till Wednesday. Sir Victor was in a terrible state of mind this morning, because she told him yesterday that her going was very uncertain."

"But Colonel Whitworth would have taken her, surely?"

"He cannot be depended upon. Suppose he were to get a touch of his ague, then good-bye to any ball for Maude. Poor man, it would be too cruel to drag him out. But there goes the dressing-bell," continued Edith, "and I must be off."

Up she jumped, then hesitated.

"Are you quite sure," gazing earnestly into her sister's face, "that something isn't troubling you?"

"Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh,"

were lines which rose to Ida's lips; but she checked herself, and, with a light kiss, laughingly bade Edith dismiss her foolish fancies and begone.

After her younger sister had left the room, Ida went across to the open window, and, leaning her elbows on the sill, gazed absently at the prospect before her.

Terraces and park lay bathed in the evening sunlight.

Under the noble trees of the latter the fellow deer could ever and anon be discerned moving gracefully amongst the cool, green bracken.

A splendid avenue of limes on the right, among which the bees hummed in plain contentment, led away to the village, distant about a mile.

The shadows lengthened on lawn and meadow, and the landscape on the horizon assumed a deeper and deeper purplish-gray hue as the sun sank lower and lower, and its departing rays caught, as in a last loving embrace, the tapering spire of the beautiful little church of Merton, then clothed the range of the Malvern Hills with exquisite tints and shades, a robe of momentary loveliness, and finally disappeared behind a huge bank of gray clouds, which, fringed with golden light, remained the sole witness of the glory that had been.

As Ida Vavasour gazed upon this scene of beauty and repose, tears sprang into her eyes. Then, reproaching herself for being so foolishly weak, she clenched her hands tightly together, and exclaimed aloud:

"At least I knew the worst now, for Edith is not likely to have misunderstood him. If Mr. Maguire Dodd proposes to me to-morrow night, I shall accept him."

* * * * * *

The County Jubilee Ball, held in the Shire Hall on the night of the 2nd of August, proved a brilliant affair, and was pronounced by all concerned to be a complete success.

The company, to the number of nearly four hundred, and including almost all the leading families of Wallingtonshire, began to assemble in the effectively decorated ball-room about ten o'clock, and it was not until the early hours of morning that the strains of the National Anthem and the breaking of the summer dawn warned the enthusiastic devotees of Terpsichore that they must depart.

The Merton Castle party remained among the latest, and none enjoyed themselves more than Sir Victor Corbet and Maude Douglas.

Over and over again was Lady Blankeney asked who was the pretty girl under her chaperonage, to whom that good-looking young fellow was paying such great attention?

Many a man begged to be introduced to her, and departed discomfited, because her card was already full to overflowing; and it was a fitting tribute to her appearance that, among such a galaxy of beauty as graced the Shire Hall that night, she still held her own and exacted so large an amount of admiration.

The heart of Edith Vavasour might palpitate painfully as the strains of the "Dorothy" valse resounded through the room, and she recalled that it was with Captain Graham she had last danced to its bewitching air; the voice of her handsome elder sister, who ranked that night among the belles of the ball, might tremble as she consented to become the wife of Mr. Maguire Dodd; all this, and a still more complete knowledge of other people's troubles and misgivings, would have been required to mar the happiness of Maude Douglas, as the man, to whom she now knew she had given her whole heart, begged for dance after dance, and conveyed, both by word and look, the devotion and love which it had fallen to her lot to arouse.

On the afternoon of the following day, Mrs. Whitworth drove over to Lord and Lady Blankeney's for tea, and was occupied for some time in a lengthy and confidential conversation with the latter, who imparted to her, "quite as a secret just at present, you know, my dear," the news of her daughter Ida's engagement to the only son of the wealthy Maguire Dodd.

"He and his parents have been over for luncheon to-day from the Greenwoods; they are immensely rich, and are of course supremely delighted at the connection their son is making. At first Lord Blankeney was a little inclined to be troublesome, on account of the want of lineage, for you know, dear, there isn't a particle of descent in their composition. They are nouveaux riches, in fact, to the backbone; but then, as I pointed out to him, Jim Maguire Dodd (we shall call him Jim; it sounds so much better than James) is very passable, both in manners and appearance; and if Ida likes him, surely that is enough. I succeeded in smoothing Lord Blankeney down at last, though he will speak of them as 'perfect mushrooms;' and really the old people are behaving so handsomely towards their son that I cannot regard dear Ida's prospects as otherwise than very bright. It is altogether quite a matter for congratulation, I can assure you. And now," continued Lady Blankeney, "I must speak to you upon a subject nearer home. This county celebration of the Jubilee will certainly be productive of another engagement before it is over, if indeed it has not come to that already, for Sir Victor Corbet's attentions to your pretty young friend last night were most marked. No doubt you noticed them at Alton Hill on Monday; and then he was over at your house all Sunday afternoon, I think?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Whitworth; "and even earlier than that I noticed how much he seemed taken with Maude. I should say she was the loadstone which drew him into Wallington so early on Saturday last, and caused him to take such a wonderful interest in the Cathedral and the Porcelain Works."

"Ah! of course," said Lady Blankeney, with an amused smile. "Now I recall how persistent he was about accompanying Reginald that morning, and how he sat by Miss Douglas and Edith the whole afternoon at the cricket match. Well, she is a very pretty, elegant girl, and will make a charming Lady Corbet; and as for Sir Victor, my dear, make yourself quite happy about him. His mother brought him up most excellently, and he was a pattern son, and so he is certain to make a good husband."

"I am very glad you esteem him so highly, Lady Blankeney, for I should have been sorry indeed if that dear child had lost her heart to a man unworthy of her. I spoke to Maude on Sunday evening, when we were returning from having accompanied Sir Victor part of the way here, and she acknowledged that she liked him exceedingly. He is certainly very taking, both in manners and appearance. You have known him some time, I suppose?"

"Yes, for years," replied Lady Blankeney. "His mother was an old friend of mine, and one of the most delightful women I ever met; but we did not see a great deal of her son until this season in town, and then he was perpetually at our house, so much so that my husband declared he was after Ida; but that was quite a mistake. I think he admired her, but there was nothing beyond, as time has since proved. Now let us go out upon the lawn, for it must be tea-time, and no doubt we shall find the whole party assembled there."

And so they did, with the exception of two, Sir Victor and Maude, who were wandering about the grounds together, and had forgotten that such prosaic things as time and tea existed.

But they put in an appearance before the latter was quite cold; and that social meal being ended, Mrs. Whitworth carried Maude off, with Sir Victor's whispered parting words ringing in her ears, "There will be no peace for me to-morrow until you appear. I shall have much, very much to say to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At the Village Inn.

BY A. BACH.

ONE day I was about setting off on one of my rambles, when a young fellow arrived at the inn, where I was staying, having had apparently a pretty long walk.

He had started, he said, early that morning from the town, purposing to reach his destination in the afternoon; but having taken what he understood to be a short-cut, he had lost his bearings, a thing people often do when they take "short-cuts," and now found himself some twelve miles from it.

From what he said, however, I found that it was not really necessary for him to be in Charlmont before the next day; and as he seemed an agreeable and companionable gentleman, I suggested that he should keep me company for the rest of the day, sleep at the inn that night, and resume his journey next morning.

This he agreed to do; and my bedroom having two beds, it was arranged that he should share it with me.

Half an hour's conversation with my new acquaintance confirmed my good opinion of his sociable qualities, and I congratulated myself upon the agreeable companionship I had secured for the better part of a day.

We dined together, and then set out for a stroll, returning in time for supper, well pleased with each other's society: at all events, I was charmed with my companion, his light-heartedness and extreme vivacity coming as a refreshing and an agreeable change after the rather dull company of the few villagers whose acquaintance I had cultivated.

A little chat and a pipe followed supper, and then, in good spirits, we retired for the night.

As was usual with me, I was soon lost in slumber; but after being asleep for what seemed a considerable time, I found myself awake and dimly conscious of some one moving about the room.

The day was beginning to break, and sufficient light penetrated through the window-blind to render objects in the room dimly visible.

My ideas were at first hazy, and no recollection of my companion crossed my mind; hence I concluded that I was alone in the room with this burglar, as I took him to be, and I resolved to watch him quietly.

His back was towards me; but he turned suddenly, and as the feeble light from the window fell across his face, I recognised my companion of the previous day.

His expression was wild and savage, and in his right hand he held a large, long knife, with which from time to time he struck fiercely at the empty air, muttering rapidly words of which I could not catch the import.

I am not a timid man, but I must confess that a kind of sickly feeling came over me as it flashed across me that I was alone with a lunatic, and that, too, at a time when, the rest of the household being sound asleep, the chance of any help was very remote.

To be alone in bed at night while an armed burglar is prowling about the room, is bad enough; but when, in place of the burglar, you have a madman, the case is infinitely worse; an attack might be made at any moment, and without the least provocation.

My mind reviewed rapidly the incidents of the previous day. I had noticed nothing in my companion's demeanor which would lead any one to suppose he was insane.

True, I had been struck with his vivacity, and rather astonished at the rapidity with which he would pass from one topic to another; but this had simply pleased me as a trait of originality.

Through my half-opened eyes and by the increasing light, I now saw him suddenly pause in his movements, bend forward, and gaze half eagerly, half hesitatingly in my direction.

My heart nearly ceased to beat. Would he come forward? He advanced quickly a couple of steps, his face lighted up with a fiendish anticipatory pleasure; then he stopped for a moment.

Should I spring from the bed and rush upon him? There was still about half the length of the room between us. No; the distance was too great for me to take him by surprise.

He again came quickly forward, stood for a moment by the bedside, and then, with a savage scowl, the knife was thrown back to strike. But before it could descend, I had darted from the bed and was quickly upon him, my left hand grasping his right wrist.

"Madman!" I hissed, as I forced him backwards, "drop the knife."

In another moment we had fallen heavily he undermost. His leg had caught against his own bed, and my weight had forced him backwards.

In falling, his head struck against a piece of furniture with sufficient force to stun him. I took advantage of this to possess myself of the knife, which I had scarcely done when he opened his eyes.

I planted myself firmly; expecting that he would renew the struggle; but, to my surprise, he burst into a laugh, and at length exclaimed:

"Well, I have made a fool of myself, I must admit. I am no more mad than you are; and I am sure I have no designs against your life, however suspicious things may appear. Loose me, and I will explain all, although I know that in doing so I shall lay myself open to your ridicule."

The laughter was so hearty and the tone so genuine, that I complied; besides, I had the knife if the worst came to the worst.

"The fact is," he commenced, "I am stage-struck (don't laugh at me more than you can help). I wanted to go on the stage, but to this my father strongely objected. The craze was, however, too strong upon me to allow of my quietly giving up the idea, and at last the opportunity of realizing my ambition presented itself. Near our town is a small place where there is a little theatre, a poor affair, and visited only by third or fourth rate companies. Well, I made acquaintance with a party of traveling players there, and one of their number having left them, it was arranged that I should take his place at the next town they visited. I was walking on there, when, getting rather out of my course, as you know, I met you. I had expected being alone last evening and going over my part in private; but, of course, your being with me stopped that. I woke very early this morning, and being full of anxiety to make sure of my part, and imagining you to be fast asleep, as I believe now you really were at first, I could not resist the temptation of trying a rehearsal sotto voce. In the play, I have to murder my rival in his sleep; and your lying there in bed gave such a realistic air to the thing, that I could not resist going through my part of the play with you as the rival, seeing you were, as I thought, safe asleep. Judge, then, of my feelings when, without a moment's warning, you suddenly sprang upon me! Surprised and confused, I knew not for the moment what to do; but before I could collect myself, I had stumbled and fallen; and I suppose I must have been stunned, for I remember nothing more until I found myself on the floor, with you kneeling upon my chest, and looking quite prepared for a deadly struggle. Now, you know all, and I hope you are none the worse off for the little adventure than I am?"

My answer was that I was only too glad the affair had terminated in so peaceable a manner, and that my sleeping companion, instead of being a lunatic, was only afflicted with a mania for the stage.

I added, that I hoped the incident might cure him of the craze. And so it did. My companion did not appear on the professional stage, though I have often seen him to advantage in private theatricals, and have frequently watched him rehearse, but never with the same uncomfortable feelings as I did that night at the village inn.

A FOREST-CLAD CITY.—Canals run in every direction in Bangkok, the capital of Siam, and are so numerous that the Siamese are proud to call their city the Venice of the East. Houses project over these canals, with open balconies, and both sides of the river for six or more miles are lined with floating houses, used not only for residences, but for business.

People do their shopping in boats, and, while a woman sells to her customer in open view—for all houses have open fronts—her lazy husband fishes, sitting upon a box of goods, and his children bathe and swim around the house. Rivers and canals are always filled by freight-boats forty to sixty feet long, by small pedlar-boats, by canoes of all sizes, from ten feet, barely holding a man, up to a hundred or more feet, with fifty or more paddlers moving in state with some high official. There are also a large number of small steam-barges in the city.

Trees abound throughout the town, many of them of good forest size. Looking down from a high pagoda, one can scarcely realize oneself in the heart of a great city. The ordinary house is almost entirely lost in the mass of green. Here and there one peeps out, looking cool and shaded. But the lofty snow-white pagodas, the tall steep-roofed temples—roofed in tiles of many colors—many of them in gilt—the beautiful kiosk turrets of the palaces, the gilded royal cenotaph, and the white palaces themselves, make the city from an eminence look like a vast royal garden, with princely palaces and Oriental temples nestled among ornamental tropical trees.

A CITIZEN writing about the employment of electricity as a substitute for hanging criminals, asks why the same agency "is not applied to the brute creatures as well, that undergo day by day the most horrible agonies to furnish the viands for our stomachs? Is there any reason for knocking a heavy animal in the brain with an axe to stun it or cutting it by the neck to bleed slowly to death, if science offers the more kindly and humane means in one of its newly discovered agents? And how many blows and cuts go past their aim must be repeated before the animal succumbs? The horrible butchery of animals as executed to-day must appeal to every feeling man as an appalling barbarism among the humane and benevolent tendencies of our century."

Scientific and Useful.

GLUE.—To make a strong joint with glue, use new glue, and in applying first fill the pores of the wood with thin glue and let it dry, and then clean off and glue at the joint with strong glue.

DRILL POINTS.—A workman in the Carson Mint, it is said, has discovered that drill points, heated to a cherry red and tempered by being driven into a bar of lead, will bore through the hardest steel or plate glass without perceptibly blunting.

ELECTRIC WELDING.—The discovery of electric welding has suggested the welding together of ends of rails so as to make continuous rails of 1000 to 1500 feet in length. The device would save in wear and tear, but would necessitate a special joint to provide for the gap of six or seven inches that would occur between rails of this length under the ranges of North American temperature.

SOAPSTONE.—Both in China and Japan soapstone has long been largely used for protecting structures built of soft stone and other materials specially liable to atmospheric influences. It has been found that powdered soapstone, in the form of paint, has preserved obelisks formed of stone for hundreds of years which would, unprotected have long ago crumbled away. For the inside painting of steel and iron ships it is found to be excellent. It has no anti-fouling quality, but is anti-corrosive.

RIFLES.—By means of recent improvements made in the manufacture of rifles as many as 120 can now be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cooled and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is done automatically so that one man tending six machines can turn out sixty or seventy barrels per day. With the old rifling machines twenty barrels was about the limit of a day's work; but the improved machines attend to everything after being once started, and, when the rifling is completed, ring a bell to call the attention of the workman.

ARTIFICIAL MOTHERS.—Prematurely born and abnormally delicate infants are now supplied with artificial mothers of more than motherly tenderness. The apparatus, identical with the incubator or artificial hen for hatching chickens, is simply a large, square box, warmed by bowls of water beneath an inner bottom. In this, wrapped carefully in cotton, is placed the weak babe, so frail during its first few days that the open air would fatally chill it. With an even temperature and a free circulation of warm air, secure from cold and dampness, and with careful feeding, the infant thrives and rapidly acquires health.

Farm and Garden.

INSECTS.—In using kerosene and coal-oil in an emulsion for destroying insects, considerable care should be taken to keep it thoroughly mixed. If allowed to stand even a few minutes the oil and water will separate and often considerable damage will be the result, as the oil alone will injure the trees and plants quite seriously if applied to them.

THE PIGS.—When the pigs are confined in the summer they can be advantageously used as manure-makers. Everything that can be converted into manure should go into the pig-pen, so as to permit the pigs to work it over and mix all the materials together. They will also at the same time consume much of the material that would otherwise be wasted.

A POTATO-BUG EXTERMINATOR.—A resident of Cartwright, Ont., has invented a machine for catching and killing potato-bugs. It resembles a wheelbarrow with a fan on each side of it, and is propelled in the same way. It is wheeled between two rows of plants from which the fans sweep the bugs against a centreboard, on striking which they fall between two rapidly-revolving rollers, and are crushed to a pulp.

FUTURE FARMING.—The farming of the future must be gradually contracted in the number of acres. Higher cultivation, more remunerative crops. Less hard work over broad fields and closer attention to special, paying crops on the fields that surround the house. More stock, more pasture, and plenty of ensilage—this insures the purchase of less commercial fertilizer and the very best results from the contents of the barn-yard.

IMPLEMENTS.—No implement needs better care than those that are costly or difficult to construct. Some of them are used but a short time during the year, such as harvesters. They should be well cleaned, and every part subject to rust given a brushing over with kerosene. If convenient, expensive machinery should be covered, as during the winter there is always an accumulation of dust that does more or less damage to implements.

MANURE.—A large English farmer says that his manure which is taken from the stables and piled up in a shed all winter is worth in the spring four times as much as that which has been exposed to the weather. This is undoubtedly nearly correct if the exposure be a bad one, such for example, as throwing the manure out of the stable window and letting it rest in a pile against the side of the stable exposed to the rain dripping from the roof. In this way most of the fertilizing salts are drained out of it into the earth below the heap or are washed away in the overflow of the yard, and the manure is left of little value.

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Plain Speaking.

Whatever people may say to the contrary, the fact remains that plain speaking is neither welcome nor appreciated; it is apt to be considered as a liberty if not an impertinence, and the recipients of it are inclined to look coldly upon the person from whom it emanates.

It is something quite different to advice, suggestions, or hints, which are all of a more delicate nature and are frequently offered in a tentative way, the two latter being rarely insisted upon; but downright plain speaking is of an infinitely stronger character, and, however it may be delivered, comes upon one as something in the style of an avalanche of partially veiled or open censure.

There are people who pretend to admire candor, and express themselves as being tired of the artificiality of modern social life and its conventionalities, also of persons who adhere rigidly to both; they add that, in contradistinction to such superficialities, they yearn for someone who is unsophisticated, and not afraid of being plain spoken.

However, this is in theory, for if it became practice in all probability they would end by avowing a preference for the more polite, if sometimes insincere, remarks of ordinary mortals.

We may be thoroughly conscious of our own failings and shortcomings, but this knowledge does not tend to make us feel grateful to the persons who, with sledge-hammer logic, draws our attention to them; for personal remarks on one's character, appearance, or actions is unnecessary, and in the majority of the cases ill-judged.

The candid friend of retentive memory and uncompromising speech is somewhat trying, even in private. Everyone has some sore places which may remain rather tender, especially when probed, and after the lapse of time things are viewed so differently that a change of opinion on many matters is almost inevitable.

Still, where there is real friendship, one is disinclined to be hypercritical, and will take a thing in the spirit in which it is meant, without becoming causelessly angry. There is so much to be considered as to the manner in which anything is said, for this often carries more meaning than the words themselves, or may bear a different interpretation.

Perhaps relatives are the most aggravating of all—not those of the first relationship, but those more remote. There is a broad margin for them, and they are officious, exacting and intensely critical, very often strongly condemnatory, in fact, and given to audible reflections and retrospection whenever opportunity offers.

Such people are constantly turning up unexpectedly, generally when their presence is least desired, and claim the recognition of a former intimacy in the most effusive manner, and then commence to draw upon their stock of reminiscenses with an amount of accuracy and detail which loses nothing by their additional coloring, and is highly entertaining to any visitor who may be present; while at the same time they are, or appear to be, wonderfully obtuse, and remark, when taking their departure, how delightful it is to meet again and have a good chat over old times. Such persons are not only bores, which is very frequently the case, but are often utterly devoid of tact in addition to other failings.

It is curious to note how sensitive people seem about personal remarks concerning their looks. Some invite one's opinion, and are dissatisfied if it is unfavorable; others dislike any comment; while, if one tells some people how well they look, they will immediately reply in a lugubrious manner that they feel quite the reverse, possibly from a spirit of contradiction.

There is seldom any difficulty about hearing how oneself looks, especially when not showing to the greatest advantage.

Dress is a great subject for candor on the part of those who are sufficiently intimate to remark on it. One may be told that the particular shade chosen is just too light or dark, that the new hat or jacket does not quite suit, that some garment could have been purchased cheaper elsewhere; these are a few only of the possible comments.

But it is actions that are criticised more than anything else; an omission, a trifling dereliction of duty, something done or undone which is in reality of no moment; it is all these infinitesimal things that one is so taken to task for, and retaliation only increases the argument.

There are individuals who never bother one in this way, but they are rather in the minority; it is the officious, dictatorial people with whom one is constantly coming into contact, so that one ends by never giving an opinion on a personal matter unless it is asked for, and then with reservation as a rule.

There is a vast difference between hypocrisy and saying plainly what one thinks, and it is perfectly easy to take a medium course, for no one expects entire sincerity in ordinary conversation.

It is not more difficult to keep in with people, and take them the right way, in whatever mood they may be, than to oppose them in arguments or opinions just because they may not thoroughly coincide with one's own ideas; and, as a general rule, plain speaking is apt to be objectionable, and we may rely upon it that it is generally unwelcome and very rarely appreciated.

Our half of life is admitted by us to be passed in sleep, in which, however it may appear otherwise, we have no perception of truth, and all our feelings are delusions. Who knows but the other half of life, in which we think we are awake, is a sleep also, but in some respects different from the other, and from which we wake when we, as we call it, sleep. As a man dreams often that he is dreaming, crowding one dreamy delusion on another.

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; or men, that cannot well bear it, to repent of the money they spend when they are warmed with drink; and take this for a rule, you may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourself merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "it is the company and not the charge that makes the feast."

As if we had an infectious touch, we by our manner of handling corrupt things, that in themselves are laudable and good—we may grasp virtue so hard, till it become vicious, if we embrace it too straight and with too violent a desire. Those who say there is never any excess in virtue, for as much as it is no virtue when it once becomes excess, only play upon words.

To cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and those the worst.

Sinfulness is in the mind, and you cannot get it out. It is the blessed spirit that God has set in the mind to dust it, to enliven its dark places, and to drive asceticism, like a foul fiend, out at the backdoor. It is just as good, in its place, as conscience or veneration. Praying can no more be made a substitute for smiling than smiling can for praying.

Lessons of wisdom have never such power over us as when they are wrought into the heart through the groundwork of a story which engages the passions. Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or is the heart so in love with deceit that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at the truth?

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A wise man doubteth; a fool rageth and is confident; the novice saith, I am sure that it is so; the better learned answers, peradventure it may be so, but I prithee inquire. Some men are drunk with fancy, and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.

The only medicine for suffering, crime and all the other woes of mankind is wisdom. Teach a man to read and write, and you have put into his hands the great keys of the wisdom box. But it is quite another matter whether he ever opens the box or not. And he is as likely to poison as to cure himself if, without guidance, he swallows the first drug that comes to hand.

But is it not some reproach on the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation? Not in the least. He made himself a mean, dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain?

I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.

They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil—those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them: those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.

If any one tells you that such a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuse about what is said of you, but answer: "He was ignorant of my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these alone."

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion.

When the cup of any sensual pleasure is drained to the bottom, there is always poison in the dregs. Anacreon himself declares that "the flowers swim at the top of the bowl!"

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning; every failure is a step to success.

Constant application to pleasure takes away from the enjoyment, or rather turns it into the nature of a burdensome and laborious business.

With every anguish of our earthly part the spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant when Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.

The World's Happenings.

The practice of throwing bouquets has been abolished in the London theatres.

Electric light in cakes of ice is a novelty for the illumination of ballrooms abroad.

"The Fatigue of Public Worship" is a subject of discussion in the medical press.

Only 4,808,000 letters found their way to the Dead Letter Office at Washington last year.

A Mississippi doctor believes that the common house-fly is a distributor of smallpox and other diseases.

A bright-red waistcoat with conspicuous white spots is one of the recent fads of attire affected by the Prince of Wales.

There is a movement on foot in New York to provide the poor with flowers. This is all very well, but how about work and bread

One Bailey, arrested at Wellsborough, Pa., for shooting his wife, is reputed to have married no less than "a baker's dozen" of women.

Seasickness can be regulated by a system of breathing. One must sit still and breathe regularly and freely, according to a fixed schedule.

The "telephone disease" has been discovered. The use of the instrument produces disorder in the vibratory chambers of the ear, generally in the left ear.

At Waldoborough, Me., recently, John C. Weston, while raising the frame of a schooner, had one of his feet twisted off by a rope, which caught around his leg.

The Piutes of Lincoln county, Cal., stoned an Indian doctor to death because some of his patients died. Now they have learned that all who died were taking a white doctor's medicine.

Sham battle flags, tattered and torn to represent the real article, are the latest product of French ingenuity, and are said to have deceived large numbers of curiosity hunters and patriots.

An English court has just decided that railway servants can not eject persons from trains who say they have lost their tickets, the only remedy being to sue the passenger for breach of contract.

The Secretary of an English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is credited with the assertion that many children are murdered every year in England to obtain the insurances on their lives.

After walking 50 miles, an eloping couple reached Pomeroy, Ohio, and were married. The bride admitted she felt a little tired and foot-sore, but didn't care, as "she was in for getting all the romance out of the affair, even if her pa does object to the marriage."

The people of Florida have discovered that even alligators have their uses, and that they are natural scavengers for the ponds they inhabit, working up the surplus mud on the river banks, and keeping the river bed clear, and thus repairing the damage done by the cattle that come down to drink.

In one apartment of Windsor Castle, called the Gold Room, there is stored away gold plate to the value of $12,000,000. One piece alone, a salver of gold, is worth $50,000, and there is a gold candelabrum in the room valued at fully as much. It is so heavy as to require the combined strength of two men to lift it.

In his anxiety to make death doubly sure, to use a popular phrase, one Johnson, of Providence, recently swallowed sufficient strychnine to kill 200 men, after which he informed his wife of his action. She hurriedly emptied the contents of a kerosene can down his throat and then summoned a physician. The latter thinks Johnson will recover.

Students of the earth's surface will be anxious to see the huge globe that is to be exhibited next year in the Champs de Mars, in Paris. It will rotate properly on an axis, and will be accurately constructed on a scale of one-millionth. Even at that it will be a tremendous thing, and give considerable of an idea of the appearance of the world we live on.

The latest Jersey swindle is that of the man who advertised for "two young men to pose for an artist," and required each applicant for the position to send 25 cents for "seven photographs of the positions he must practice." It is almost needless to say that the pictures never came, and that two or three hundred young men have had a rude shock to their confidence in mankind.

During a recent heavy thunderstorm in England a collier named Bates, who had lost his sight by an accident, was being led home, when a flash of lightning was reflected on the spectacles he wore to conceal his disfigurement. After the peal of thunder which followed he complained of pain in his head. The next moment to his surprise he found that he had regained possession of his eyesight.

A weather prognosticator and amateur artist of Prague has painted a landscape colored with the salts of cobalt. These colors are very sensitive to moisture, and are made still more so by mixture with gelatine. With an increasing amount of moisture in the atmosphere, the blue heavens of the picture assume a dirty red hue, and the green grass and foliage, as well as the background, etc., are also strikingly changed in color.

The Brooklyn street car companies are considering the introduction of an electric fare protector. It will be worked by pressure. Whenever a passenger steps on the car a fare will be rung up on the indicator, and the conductor will have to account for it. Conductors would have to keep newsboys and lozenge peddlers off the cars or pay their fares, and if two passengers should step on at once the conductor could knock down a fare.

A Chicago Justice is almost as wise as Solomon. Cornelius O'Brien was charged with striking his little child so that he nearly killed it. The wife pleaded for her husband; he was drunk when he did it, and would not do it again. "Let the child see its father," said the Justice. The baby caught a glimpse of the father; then, with eyes starting with terror, it averted its little head and, with a low moan, threw its arms around the mother's neck and clung there, shivering with fear. The child's action caused the father to be held.

A RAINY DAY.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

The leaden skies are weeping now,
Their tears dash on my pane;
The wailing winds sweep moaning by,
Regretting Winter's reign.
And my sad heart, its silent tears,
All vainly tries to check;
The cruel rain beats on the graves
Where lies my fond hope's wreck.

Oh! chilling storm! O, shrieking wind!
Avaunt, with all thy gloom!
Thy icy fingers freeze my heart,
And all its hopes entomb.
I know the sun will come again,
With skies of azure hue;
And I must wait impatiently
Dame Nature's smiles to woo.

On the Wall.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF HERMANN GUNTHER, PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WEISSNICHTWO.

JUNE 12th, 187—.—It was a happy thought on the part of my friend, Von Loeffen, to ask me to come here to this country-house to finish the studies and experiments necessary to what, I am certain, will some day be acknowledged as one of the greatest discoveries of the age.

It is not made yet; that is, it is not yet in such a practical form as to permit it to be demonstrated to the world; but of its success I entertain not the slightest doubt.

It is now ten years since I read, in the work of an American physiologist, a statement which impressed me deeply. It was that every one of our actions is chronicled by a species of photography on the walls of our apartments; but that these sun-pictures remain invisible to our sight because no one has yet discovered the chemical substance which will bring them to light, as the bath displays those of the ordinary photographer.

When I read the sentence, the idea came to me, not in a meteoric flash, but with a slow, regular progression which proved its truth—the discovery of this substance will be one of the most notable of the age, and thou, Hermann Gunther, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Weissnichtwo, art the man to make it!

Indeed I could not doubt that the thought which thus came to me was an inspiration, and that the invention of which I was to be the originator would be renowned throughout the world.

Apart from the value which the scientific mind attaches to any discovery, however useless, its practical importance could not be denied.

Picture to yourself how useful it would be in suppressing crime! Would the thief venture to steal, or the murderer to slay, if he knew that the deed was chronicled the moment it was done in an imperishable and ineffaceable manner, and that by washing the walls of the room where the crime was committed with the fluid which I should prepare, the act would be exposed, and the criminal's face made patent to all the world?

I had been dilating in this fashion to Von Loeffen when he asked me to come here, and, away from the bustle and distraction of University life, complete the necessary experiments.

Karl von Loeffen was a college companion of my own, and though, having been a soldier since those days till very recently, his knowledge of science is of the slightest, his interest in it is very great. He took much pleasure in listening to my narration of the experiments I had made during the last ten years, and rightly felt himself a favored individual when I showed him the walls of my laboratory covered with stains caused by various substances which I had at different times tried, believing each in turn to be the hoped-for unveiler of hidden truth.

The fluids I had at first tried had failed utterly; latterly the combinations I had essayed had been partially successful; none of them, alas! wholly so.

It was hard, even in Weissnichtwo, where according to the last University census the students barely outnumbered the Professors, to find the seclusion necessary for the completion of my studies.

More than once had I been interrupted in the midst of some complicated equation, by the information that it was the hour when I ought to deliver my daily lecture, and that my class of three students awaited my appearance.

If they would but have waited a little longer, till the problem which occupied my mind was solved, and all Europe should be ringing with the fame of Gunther of Weissnichtwo, the greatest chemist the world had ever known!

"I sympathize with you," said Von Loeffen. "It is hard to have your work disturbed, and your fame postponed, because you are forced to satisfy the demands of these ignorant youths, whose interest in chemistry is by no means so profound as to make them worthy of the sacrifice.

"Leave the matter to me. I will find some one who will be well content to have the opportunity of addressing your class, and, meanwhile, you will come with me to my country house at Birnenfeld, where no one will disturb you but myself and my daughter Magda, and I promise that we shall respect your labors. I shall consider myself highly honored if you complete your discovery under my roof."

At Birnenfeld, therefore, I am. It is a charming house, standing in a large and beautiful garden, and surrounded by hills covered with orchards and vineyards.

Inside, too, all is beautiful, from the furniture of the room to Fraulein Magda, my host's daughter, who is the most beautiful of all.

Moreover, all is arranged with a special view to my convenience. Von Loeffen has lately added a wing to his house.

It consists of two rooms, one of which is Fraulein Magda's sitting-room, the other, which is as yet unfurnished, is set apart for my study and laboratory. I am told that I need not even join the family at meals if it inconveniences me, but to take advantage of the permission thus granted, would, I think, be ungracious to my host and especially to my fair hostess.

She is also interested in science, and at dinner to-day asked me many questions about my experiments. She has blue eyes, and is sympathetic.

On returning to my laboratory I felt a disinclination, utterly contrary to my experience, to continue my work, although, just before I went to dinner, I had been about to begin the working of a very beautiful and involved equation, in which I was greatly interested.

So I have been occupying myself with setting down this short description of the circumstances which brought me to Birnenfeld. But I do not consider that I have wasted my time. When I am dead, and my biography comes to be written, every circumstance connected with this period of the incubation, if I may so term it, of my discovery will be read with interest, and this diary may be of use in giving to Herr and Fraulein Von Loeffen the credit they deserve for their sympathy with me in my great task.

June 15.—This morning I have not been able to do much work, for Fraulein Magda, who was in the next room, was singing, and her voice distracted me.

It is a very sweet voice, and she was singing the old Loreley song, which seems to recall my youth so vividly. It is very long since I joined in singing

I hardly know the reason why
That I should be so sad.

That is a song one never cares to sing after one has become sad. Those who have tasted the real sadness of life fail to see either melody or music in it, and, therefore, do not sing about it.

But Magda sings of sorrow, because her own heart is gay.

As I was saying, the voice took my mind from the work I had in hand, and caused me to make a blunder in the substances I was mixing. The result of this error was that the compound exploded. It was not a very serious explosion; but I was not prepared for it, and was standing over the vessel which contained the mixture.

Therefore, when it blew up, I was knocked down, and have reason to be thankful that I met with no more serious damage than the loss of my spectacles, which were broken. I was unconscious for some time, and, when I recovered, Fraulein Von Loeffen, who had been startled by the noise, was bending over me, her golden head almost lying on my breast, as she listened for the beating of my heart, which she feared had stopped. She has very pretty golden hair.

Once upon a time it would have made my heart throb fast, however cold and dead it seemed, to have had those bright locks so near it.

That was when I was young, and used to sing of the Loreley. Now, however, that I am forty-six, and a chemist to boot, I only recall the fact that this golden tint can be produced by the use of peroxide of hydrogen, and that many women cause their hair to assume that hue by such means.

But I am certain that the color of Magda's hair is natural.

When I had recovered, she apologized for having intruded on me. She had heard the noise of the explosion, and had feared that I had killed myself; but now she offered to leave me to proceed with my investigations.

I said that I was too much shaken to do more at present.

"Then, Herr Professor," she said, "come and lie on the sofa in my little salon, while Gretchen clears away the broken glass there." For the vessel containing my compound had broken with the shock, and the liquid itself was trickling on the floor.

I leant upon her arm as she conducted me to the next room, for I was too weak to walk alone. Then she arranged the pillows of the sofa for me, brought me wine, and was as gentle and thoughtful as an angel.

If I had some such one to nurse me when I was injured, I should not mind trying more dangerous experiments than any on which I have yet ventured. But hitherto when I have burned myself or been hurt in any way in the cause of science, my housekeeper, Lotte, has only looked angry, and muttered: "Assuredly the Herr Professor will kill himself some day."

Poor Lotte! she is an ignorant woman, who knows nothing of science except that they who follow it are poor; whereas Fraulein Magda understands much, and appreciates what she does not understand.

When I was placed comfortably on the sofa I put my hand to my face to readjust my spectacles, which I thought might have slipped up among my hair, but, lo! the glasses were there no longer, and the frame was twisted in a manner that made it hopeless that it would ever resume its former shape.

"I must send for another pair," I murmured; but Magda said:

"Are you obliged to wear spectacles, Herr Professor? You have such nice eyes that it is a pity to hide them."

I have worn spectacles for fifteen years; it would seem strange to go without them; yet I must confess that I saw very well this morning without their aid.

"Perhaps you would like to sleep now?" Magda went on. "In that case I shall leave you."

"No, gnadiges fraulein," I answered; "I do not wish to sleep; but if you would be yet more heavenly good, will you sing to me? I heard your voice this morning, and thought it of a more than nightingale-like sweetness."

Then she sang me many songs, all very beautiful; and, strange to say, the music no longer disturbed me, but soothed me, so that I was able to complete the speculations on which my experiment was founded, and to see a flaw in them which I had not perceived before.

I have now corrected it, and have no doubt that my task is finished. The mere mechanical part of it remains, and I may have some difficulty in ascertaining the exact proportions of each ingredient, but practically the discovery is made.

I told Magda that her music had inspired me, whereupon she smiled and blushed, saying that since such was the case, I must listen to a little every day. I afterwards tried to explain to her my discovery, but I fear that, not being trained in chemistry, she did not wholly understand it. But when I was finished, she said in a sweet voice:

"Herr Professor, you must be wonderfully clever!"

That was enough. One does not want a woman to understand, but to sympathize and admire.

"What a splendid nurse you are, Fraulein Magda," I said at last.

"Am I?" she replied. "I have had practice, you know. I nursed both papa and Prinz Eugen when they came home wounded from the war though I was only a schoolgirl at the time."

"Who is Prinz Eugen?" I asked.

"Eugen Franzos. He is in papa's regiment, and is the son of an old friend of his. I have known him all my life, and I have always called him 'Prinz Eugen,' partly because of his name, and partly because he is always singing the song about 'Prinz Eugen, der edle ritter.' He has a beautiful voice, and he and I sing duets. You will very probably see him soon. We are expecting a visit from him. I have not seen him for four years; doubtless he is much changed."

I do not think I shall wait to see this Prinz Eugen, as Magda calls him. A noisy young soldier going about the house continually singing, will destroy the quiet necessary for my studies.

I have not yet sent for my spectacles; I shall try to do without them. The eye, like all other organs, becomes weaker through being too much preserved, and stronger through being forced to act.

June 25.—My work progresses but slowly. There is some pleasure in delaying the last touch, now that all is within my grasp.

Besides, when I have thoroughly completed my work I shall leave here, and I am beginning to find the life very pleasant. It is a long time since I was in the country; for ten years I had not left Weissnichtwo for a day.

I no longer confine myself so closely to the laboratory. I pass an hour or two each day in Magda's salon, talking to her, or listening to her singing.

Her interest in science deepens and becomes more intelligent. Sometimes I go out with Von Loeffen, and ramble among the hills.

In the evening we spoke our pipes in the porch, while Magda waters her favorite flowers.

Occasionally I help her—that is, I carry the heavy watering-pot, for she says, with a smile that prevents one feeling any pain at the words, that I am too clumsy for any other part of the work, and that I should drown one plant and starve another. Yes, it is pleasant, but I fear that the end will be that I shall be discontented with my narrow quarters at Weissnichtwo, and with my lonely existence there.

I have never sought wealth, finding progress in science a sufficient reward for labor, a sufficient compensation for poverty; but now, if my discovery should bring me wealth, what changes might not follow?

For the first time in my life I begin to regret that I have not devoted my time to that species of chemical work which brings an immediate pecuniary reward; and yet, to have spent all one's energies in inventing a new dye, or discovering a method of using the waste products of fuel! Besides, if my discovery is accepted by the learned world I shall soon have no cause to complain of poverty. Fame brings wealth in its train.

Herr Captain Franzos arrives to-morow. I anticipate his coming with no pleasure; yet I am curious to see this former playfellow of Magda's, of whom Von Loeffen, too, seems to think so highly.

June 27.—Eugen Franzos is exactly what I expected—a tall, broad-shouldered young man of whose presence it is impossible to be unconscious.

He is polite to me, but is evidently at that unfortunate period of life when he imagines that his superiors in age are his inferiors in wisdom. It is a phase one must go through; I have done so myself. He is, however, very deferential to Von Loeffen, whom he calls his second father.

I do not think Magda likes him much. He forestalled me in my usual task of carrying the watering-pot last night, and I noticed that she did not speak to him so freely as she does to me.

Moreover, several times when he addressed her, she averted her head as if in displeasure. Considering her evident lack of interest in him, I think Herr Franzos' manner to Magda is forward, indeed intrusive.

He was present this morning in the sitting-room, when Magda usually sings to me, and insisted on bringing out some old, and, as I thought, uninteresting duets which they had sung together years before.

I had much rather have listened to her alone. I believe his voice is counted good, but I have always held that a tenor is rather an unmanly voice, and usually goes with a weak character. I came to my study sooner than usual.

June 28.—Von Loeffen surprises me. This evening, as we were watching Franzos and Magda, he said, "I venture to hope that there may be someone ready to take care of my daughter when death carries me off. You, Gunther, who have never married, cannot guess what it is, when a man comes to our age, to have an only daughter. I do not fear death for my own sake, but it was the thought of Magda being left without a protector that induced me to quit the army. Now, however, I begin to think that Eugen will be willing to take up my charge, when I drop it, or even before."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you wish Captain Franzos to marry Fraulein Magda?"

"It is the wish of my heart."

"Whether she loves him or not?"

"Assuredly not; but is he not a man whom any maiden would love?"

Is he? I cannot tell. He does not in any way strike me favorably; yet many

women might admire him. But I do not think he has intellect enough to satisfy Magda von Loeffen.

I did not rely to Von Loeffen's remark. To differ would have been rude, to assent insincere.

June 29.—All is prepared. In a few minutes I go to make my final experiment. No, it is no longer experiment; it is proof. My attempts on the walls of this room have been highly satisfactory; but the public exhibition of the power of my compound shall take place elsewhere. The paper in Magda's room seems to me admirably adapted for displaying the result of my labors.

It is light in color, so figures will come out distinctly; and it has not long been hung, so there will not be so many of those old pictures which sometimes form a confusing background to that last thrown on the walls.

And it pleases me to think that the first picture which my process shall bring before me should be that of the beautiful maiden whose sympathy has encouraged me so much.

June 30.—All is over. I leave Birnenfeld to-day.

My experiment was perfectly successful, and I am the most unhappy—I mean the most fortunate—of men.

I sponged the wall carefully with my solution. Trembling, I watched, while, by degrees growing every moment more distinct, two figures revealed themselves—Magda von Loeffen, and, with his arms round her, Eugen Franzos. While I stood gazing at the picture, Von Loeffen entered.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "You have been experimenting, and your experiment is thoroughly successful? I congratulate you; yet I think Magda will scarce thank you for spoiling her pretty paper. Still, for the sake of science, she will forgive you, especially since her own portrait is so well given. But who is this with her? Eugen, surely; but his figure is not so distinct as hers. From their attitude I should think that he has lost no time in availing himself of the permission I accorded him last night, and he seems to have gained Magda's consent too."

Hitherto I had stood silent as a stone. Now I tried to find my voice.

"You mean," I said, "that you consented to Herr Franzos seeking Magda for his wife?"

"Yes. This is a day of triumph. You, he, I, and, I hope, Magda also, have each won our hearts' desire. We will make it a festival."

I would fain have left Birnenfeld that instant, but it was not permitted to me to do so. I was forced to remain, and had even to listen to Prinz Eugen's congratulations on having succeeded in my quest as well as he had in his.

"And though I think my prize is much the fairer and more desirable," he said, "I will forgive your preferring yours."

I prefer my prize to his! Ah, did he but know!

I suppose I got through the day sufficiently well to escape suspicion, or that any absence of mind I showed was set down to absorption in my discovery.

My discovery! Yes, it is complete—perfect. I return immediately to Weissenichtwo, where I shall write a paper on it, which I shall lay before one of the learned societies.

It will be published; all the world shall know and acknowledge the value of my research. I am at last a successful, a triumphant man!

Helen.

BY DELATTRE.

HALF a century ago there lived on a flat in the old town of Edinburgh, Helen Marsden, a miniature-portrait-painter who was not unappreciated by the public.

None of the neighbors knew anything definite about her except that she was an Englishwoman; they could not tell where she came from or to whom she belonged or in what characters her past life was written.

The little they did know of her belonged altogether to the present; and in that present there was much to awaken interest, admiration, and compassion. She looked younger than she really was, being one of those women who retain a look of girlhood for many years; and there were lines on her face, a wistful look in her sweet brown eyes, and an air of subdued patient sadness about her which told of many mournful experiences of a sorrowful past that had left so much pain behind that some of the kindly hearts around yearned to comfort her.

One neighbor especially, a good motherly old lady, with a weakness perhaps for gossip, and whose windows looked into Miss Marsden's, was determined to get acquainted with her.

It would do the poor thing no end of good, she though, to run over sometimes and have a cup of tea and some buttered toast with her, not to speak of a little cheerful conversation and a game at cribbage afterwards, to conclude at 9 o'clock precisely with toasted cheese and Edinburgh ale.

It was in vain that Miss Marsden, shrinking and timid as a sensitive-plant, tried to withdraw from this homely hospitality. Mrs. Saunders was a woman accustomed to manage others and to have her own way, and she would not be denied—Miss Marsden must go over and spend the evening with her; and Miss Marsden at last, with a deep-drawn sigh of resignation, put aside her palette and brushes, smoothed her black curls, took off the loose linen wrapper which she wore at her work, and went over to Mrs. Saunders's in the plain worn black dress in which she constantly appeared.

"Has she no other?" thought the good lady. "It really seems so; and yet, after all, it does not matter—she is so charming and has such sweet pretty manners that somehow it is only of her that one thinks and not of her dress at all—only of her and of her history. What on earth can it be?"

Mrs. Saunders pondered that question a good deal as she sat opposite to her pale gentle visitor, and poured out the tea for her and helped her to toast and cake.

After the first evening, with its half-conscious restraint, was over, and the ice a little broken, Miss Marsden often found her way to the same friendly drawing-room, and drank tea, did her best to relish the buttered toast and the little piles of cakes; and grew really to like the old lady's shrewd sensible talk, which was never prosy, and sometimes full of interest, especially when it diverged, as it often did, to her own experiences, to the habits and customs of her youth, and to events which took place when her pensive listener was only a baby in arms.

Mrs. Saunders's history was a commonplace one, full of simple pleasures, simple trials, and a safe and guarded prosperity. The cup was full, but it did not overflow; nor did the widow wish that it should. She liked to talk, and, with the garrulity of old age, she soon made her silent companion mistress of all her past.

In the course of one or two evenings Helen Marsden knew how and where and when the late lamented Mr. Saunders had died, of the will he had made, the property he had left, and the amount of fortune which Janet, the widow's only child, had brought to her lord and master, a prosperous merchant in Calcutta.

Next came a detailed and minute account of Janet's *trousseau;* and then parenthetically the widow remarked that there was something very romantic in her daughter's engagement and marriage.

Her lover was much older than she was, and a grave, staid, reserved man too. He fell in love with Janet, a laughing schoolgirl, less for herself, it almost seemed, than because he fancied she was like some one whom he had once known long before—some one whom he had loved and lost, and whom he fancied he saw resuscitated in the smiling Edinburgh schoolgirl.

"I would not have had such poor second-rate love if it had been me," said Mrs. Saunders, almost crossly. "But it seems to me that we may rear children, and be willing even to lose one's heart's blood, and yet never be quite to understand them. Janet fancied this stern reserved man who had not even a heart to give her; and it was a good marriage for her, as the world goes. So she married him and went to India, and I am left to sit chattering here about her to you, my dear."

"It is very good of you, I am sure," said the little portrait-painter meekly, bringing her thoughts back to the subject in hand.

Mrs. Saunders did not make any immediate reply; she was searching for something in the nooks and recesses of a large work-table, and, when she found it, she put it down before her visitor with an abruptness which startled her.

"There—that is Janet!" she said.

It was the portrait of a pale, dark-eyed, laughing girl—much such a girl as Miss Marsden herself might once have been perhaps, when her pale cheeks had more of roundness and softness in their outline, when her grave mouth, so straight now, had a pouting smile of its own, and the sad eyes were merry and bright.

That however was not what she saw first; professional even during these rare evening holidays, she noticed at the first glance, with a true artistic eye, certain faults in the drawing and coloring of the portrait, and a want of breath and grace in the management of the curling hair.

Then, and not till then, she saw with surprise in the pictured face before her a strong resemblance to herself.

"Well, what do you think of her?" asked Mrs. Saunders.

With a slight expression of interest, and the faintest possible tinge of color in her pale cheeks, she took up the miniature again and looked at it.

"I think," she said, "that it is like my own face, only far—far prettier."

"No," declared the old lady emphatically, "that it is not; although Janet was very well in her way. And now, as my old eyes are getting very dim, will you read me her last letter, my dear?"

Miss Marsden complied. She had felt those long letters which had to be read and re-read so often quite an infliction at first, and then she had come to take a strange interest in them, and in the Scotch girl on the banks of the Hooghly, so far from her kith and kin, and pining in her luxurious home, longing to win for herself the first place in a preoccupied heart—not happy, but very brave and uncomplaining, never murmuring at the burden which she had rashly taken upon herself, but striving to bear it meekly, and, above all, to prevent it from overshadowing and crushing her mother.

This unknown Janet, whose silks and satins, whose laces and jewels, had at first seemed so contemptible in Helen Marsden's eyes when placed by the side of her own earnest hard-working life, was, after all, a sorrowful, self-sacrificing woman—much as she had been herself—subduing and hiding under a smile her disappointment and anguish lest they should pain the fond faithful heart of the old mother at home.

To the tender-hearted little portrait-painter this pathetic drama, played out in the sumptuous mansion at Garden Reach and in the prosaic, comfortable Scotch house on the opposite side of the street, had an indescribable interest.

It took her out of herself and away from her morbid brooding over the past. When she sat at work in her lonely room, instead of her imagination recalling again and again a thousand times over those youthful dreams which could never become realities for her, it centred rather in that divided home of which she knew so little, in that woman like herself, but younger and fairer, whom she had never seen, until she began to long for letters from Janet almost as much as Mrs. Saunders did.

The last letter that had come had been short, almost constrained, awakening vague doubts and anxieties—fears that neither of the two friends cared to put into words, and yet that neither could forget.

"We shall have a longer letter by the next mail, I am sure," Miss Marsden had said; and Mrs. Saunders, whether she quite shared in the expectation or not, was comforted by the words, and took a melancholy pleasure, in the hushed twilight of the spring evenings, in telling her companion all the sorrowful tales she could remember.

At last the eagerly-expected mail arrived, bringing mournful news for the poor lady—Janet was dead, and Janet's child, in charge of an ayah, was coming home to her mother, to be cared for as lovingly and tenderly as Janet had been.

Sitting in her arm-chair, Mrs. Saunders cried softly to herself, but with no frantic despair in her heart.

"I am going to her," she said—"very soon perhaps—even at the longest it cannot be many years;" and the thought soothed her and made her patient.

But when Miss Marsden called in the evening—and she dropped in almost every evening now—her heart would fill, and so would her poor eyes, before she recited afresh the story of her loss, which she always did with much detail, for it seemed to comfort her inexpressibly to talk about it.

"My dear," she said one evening, turning wistfully to her sympathetic listener, "I do not weary you, do I?"

"No," answered Miss Marsden softly; "I too have known grief—I too am alone in the world."

When she said that, Mrs. Saunders put out her trembling old hand and patted her gently; but she did not speak, as she would have done a short time before, or try to avail herself of the softening influence of mutual grief.

She was too exhausted, too much occupied with her own sorrow, to be curious any longer about Miss Marsden's history.

Then, as the days went by, the immediate pressure of her supreme anguish, which seemed to change the appearance of the whole world around her, wore off, and common things took their ordinary aspect again; life's every-day duties had to be met, life's every-day necessities encountered; there were arrangements to make for her new inmate, and Janet's old nursery had to be put in order for Janet's child. In all these matters Miss Marsden was very helpful to her old friend; and, when the child did come home—a dark, large-eyed, sweet-faced little creature—he took to her; it was on her knee that he loved to climb, babbling away to her in his strange baby half-English, half-Hindoostanee.

Of course she painted many portraits of him—portraits in every variety of attitude, and with varying degrees of excellence; and, in playing with him, laughing with him, teaching him, the morbid influences that had long darkened her life seemed gradually to pass away; her grave brow and the lines about the corners of her sweet mouth relaxed, and she became prettier as some of the light-heartedness of her youth came back to her.

Poor old grandmamma was left to take the second place in Master Tom's affections—and she took it not ungratefully; but sometimes, when she found herself alone at night, after Miss Marsden had gone home and the little ruler of the household was in his crib up-stairs, she would cry softly, and feel that it was a little hard that she—Janet's mother—had not the first place in the affections of Janet's child.

These little outbreaks of indignation were known only to herself, and they seemed only to make her tender old nature sweeter and kinder when they were past. She was gratefully conscious that she owed much to Helen Marsden, and she became more and more fond of her.

"It almost seems," she said to herself, with a little sob, "as if Heaven had sent me another daughter in Janet's place."

Thus the time sped on, through the warmth and brightness of summer to the chill gray autumn weather.

Janet had been more than twelve months in her grave, when one morning the Indian mail brought a letter which, if it did not distress Mrs. Saunders, startled and discomposed her very much.

Her son-in-law was coming home—Janet's husband, whom she had never loved and with whom she had always been upon terms of almost painful constraint. She did not show that letter to Miss Marsden, although she could hear singing softly in the nursery above a merry song of old times for Master Tom's benefit; she managed to get through it herself with her weary old eyes, and then she went away to her own room, and there, slowly and painfully, wrote a dutiful letter in return, asking him to come and stay with her when he reached Edinburgh.

This invitation he did not accept, to the poor old lady's great relief; but he came to see her and his boy as soon as he arrived.

"I knew he would not fail to do so, my dear," she said to Miss Marsden, on the evening after the dreaded visit; and as she spoke she put up her wrinkled old hand and wiped away the tears that rolled down her furrowed cheeks. "He always does what is right; he is a trustworthy man, but not lovable—oh, not at all—not the least like the man I fancied my Janet would have chosen!"

Then there followed a flutter of exultation and pride. The Indian merchant was a clever as well as a prosperous man, he was an authority upon most things that came under his notice, and he was to give a lecture on something or other connected with India which she did not quite understand.

Would Miss Marsden go with her? Miss Marsden hesitated for a few moments; she was very busy, and, as she was not in the least curious or excited about Mr. Smith, she was more than half inclined to say so, when the pleading look in the old lady's eyes, fixed so eagerly upon her, conquered her resolution.

"I will go," she said, feeling that it was a duty she owed to her dear old friend.

On their way to the hall where the lectures was to be delivered she thought neither of Mr. Smith nor of Janet, lying far away in her quiet grave, nor of Janet's mother by her side, nor of Janet's little son, whom she had left a quarter of an hour before in the rosy sleep of healthy, happy childhood.

Although as a rule she thought but little of her own affairs, on that particular evening her mind was full of thoughts of her work and her last subject, a lady who was neither young nor fair, and the expression of whose withered features she had had difficulty in catching.

While they were sitting in the hall waiting for the appearance of the lecturer, she was thinking of this, and wondering fretfully if her skilfulness of hand and correctness of eye were leaving her—thinking not at all of what was going on around her—when Mrs. Saunders touched her arm, and whispered—

"There he is!"

With a startled air, as if she had been suddenly roused from sleep, she turned and with careless indifferent eyes looked towards the platform.

Then suddenly, at the sight of the lecturer, with a wild shrill cry she sprang to her feet.

She tried to speak, but her voice failed her—only a hoarse guttural cry came from her pale lips; and with a gesture of despair she threw up her arms wildly, and then fell down in a swoon.

She was removed immediately; but it was more than an hour before she could be taken home; and then it was not to her own house, but to Mrs. Saunders's that they took her, and laid her on the couch in the pretty drawing-room, while Mrs. Saunders, having done all that was necessary for her comfort, sat beside her, wiping her old eyes from time to time—for she was very much agitated and strangely exercised in her mind. She kept saying to herself almost incessantly in an undertone—

"He is a trustworthy man, if he is anything. Oh, yes, surely he is a trustworthy man; and my Janet is past trouble and at rest!"

From time to time she looked wistfully down at the gentle face which had become so dear to her, but it was, as it had ever been, like a closed book; she could only see that it was strangely changed—vivid emotion had transformed it, as if by a miracle.

The passionless calm which had been its distinguishing characteristic was gone, the sweet sad eyes were gleaming with a wild strange light, and in the pale cheeks there was a feverish flush of color that changed at every sound, while every passing footstep on the pavement outside made Helen tremble.

Oh, how long those two hours seemed in which he did not come, and, oh, how strange it all was to Mrs. Saunders when he did come at last!

He was not the stately, proud, cold man he had always appeared to her, but eager, excited, bending forward, as if he would rush headlong into the room.

He did not notice her at all; she was only of secondary importance—she belonged to Janet and his marriage of convenience, not to the passionate past, the memories of which were overmastering him now.

So the old lady thought; and a momentary pang of jealousy pierced her heart. He had eyes only for the pale lovely figure on the sofa; it was to her he went, and, throwing himself down upon his knees beside her, he clasped her hand in both his own.

"Helen, Helen!" he cried, in a voice shrill with excitement and hope.

He thought only of her, saw only her; but she had caught a glimpse of poor Mrs. Saunders's perplexed face, and, springing up from the sofa, grasped her hands.

"We loved each other in youth," she said breathlessly; "we were one in heart and soul. Now we meet after years of hopeless separation; it is as though he were given back to me from the dead. You understand?"

Mrs. Saunders did not understand at all, but in due time and after many explanations it was made plain to her. The two before her had been engaged to each other in Helen's girlhood long before, but they were poor, and he had resolved to go to India in quest of fortune.

The ship in which he sailed had been lost with all on board, as was supposed;

but he and three others had had been saved.

Meanwhile the aunt with whom Helen lived had died, and, alone in the world, almost broken-hearted at the loss of her lover, she had wandered forth from the home of her childhood, with every tie broken that had once bound her to her fellow-creatures.

"I must have died, William," she sobbed, "in that dreary time—yes, I am sure I must have died—if it had not been necessary for me to work, and if I had not found work which I could do."

It was a simple story—straightforward, and without complications; and Mrs. Saunders, having heard it, went upstairs to her grandchild's nursery, and left the two alone.

They had their plans to think of, their future to talk about; they did not need her. They had taken up the thread of their life where it had snapped so suddenly; and they found it marvellously easy to do so, for their hearts had never ceased to beat in sympathy with each other.

"We have dropped out of the account—Janet and I—and she is in her quiet grave; so, after all, it is only me that it is hard upon," said good Mrs. Saunders to herself, as she stooped over her grandson's cot. From the moment she understood the situation clearly she had seen how it all must end, and, although she cried a little, she was glad, and did not regret that she had gone out with noiseless step and left them alone. "She will be happy," she said to herself, with a sob, "and I can say from my heart, 'Heaven bless her and make her so!' as though she is to fill my Janet's place."

Mount Mystery.

BY J. CASSELL.

WE were lost in the heart of Costa Rica.

There were six of us in the party, all young fellows with little or no experience, and when we realized our situation we were in despair.

When we started out from the coast it seemed to us that it would be a regular frolic to spend a couple of weeks among the mountains in the interior. At the end of that time the brig Pacific would be ready to depart, and we could then resume our journey to San Francisco.

The captain of the vessel endeavored to dissuade us.

"The natives are not likely to bother you," he said, "but very little is known of the country beyond the mountains. Strange tales have reached my ears, and although I am as fond of adventure as anybody, the trip would not suit me."

We laughed at the old sailor. We were well armed and afraid of nothing.

"It is all right," I told the captain, "with proper caution there will be no danger. We may make valuable discoveries and become famous explorers. It is time to unveil the secrets of this wonderful land, and it is nonsense to be frightened off by a few sailors' yarns."

The captain shook his head and said no more.

We completed our preparations for the trip, and early one morning started off in the highest spirits.

When the discovery was made, after we had been camping out for about a week, that we had lost our way, it appeared to muddle our heads.

Various attempts were made to head towards the coast, but in every instance we were compelled to return disheartened and uncertain as to our course.

The few natives encountered in our wanderings were unlike those along the seaboard.

They were light-colored, handsome, and active, and fled at our approach, refusing to hold any communication with us.

One evening we camped on the borders of a lovely lake under the shadow of a frowning mountain.

"There is something queer about that mountain," remarked Walpole, the only sailor in our party.

"Queer!" I replied, cautiously. "Everything is queer in this peculiar land. What is it about the mountain that strikes you?"

"While I have been resting here," said Walpole, who was lazily reclining on the grass, "I have been using my eyes. The mountain is as steep on this side as the face of a stone wall. If it is that way all round the top it must be inaccessible."

"Well," I answered, "who wants to climb to the top?"

"I do, for one," responded Walpole. "The luminous cloud of vapor round the summit and reaching down the sides is a strange thing. Just watch it for a moment."

I looked upwards at the precipitous mass of rock.

The cloud was stationary, and looked more like steam than anything else.

"Occasionally," said my companion, "I see birds fly out of the cloud, and after circling about for awhile they always return. Then, if my ears do not deceive me, and they are keen ones, I can distinguish various voices all coming from the direction of the cloud."

"Why, man, you are losing your senses," I interrupted. "If the summit is inaccessible, what can there be up there to make a noise?"

"Birds at least," said the sailor, with a smile. "I can swear to seeing birds. I don't know what else may be up there, but several times in the last half hour I have heard the clang of metal and the sound of human voices."

"He is right," said Hinton, another member of our party. "I have heard the same sounds, but I didn't like to mention it."

"Why not explore a little?" I suggested, indifferently.

To my surprise everybody agreed. The men were tired roaming about aimlessly with disappointment at every turn. They were ready for anything for a change.

In the morning two men started in one direction round the base of the mountain, while two went in the other. Their plan was to proceed until they met, and then return together.

I remained with one man at the camp. Others might investigate Mount Mystery, as we called it, but I felt too fatigued for such an effort.

During the day we lounged about and watched the cloud-wrapped phenomenon before us. More than once I heard a clatter apparently in the upper air, and once or twice I was sure that I heard voices. Evidently Mount Mystery was a good name for this freak of nature.

Late in the afternoon our comrades returned. They had walked all day, covering many miles, and they learned nothing except that the mountain presented the same perpendicular, wall-like appearance all the way round.

"At one place," said Hinton, "we saw a tolerably large stream of water trickling down the sides of the rock. So there is water up there, and it may be that the whole surface is productive and inhabited."

"You forget," I objected, "that it is impossible for any living thing except a bird to get up there."

"Of course I don't attempt to explain it," said Walpole; "but it is possible that ages ago the mountain sloped down, at least on one side. An earthquake or landslip may have left it in its present condition, with a whole tribe of people stranded there among the clouds. I don't say it is so, but that may be the way of it."

Night came upon us again and we were glad to rest.

"What is that?"

Hinton was standing over me pointing to the mountain. I was wide awake in a moment and listened intently.

High above the earth I heard voices singing what seemed to be a barbaric chant. Mingled with the voices I could hear the clash and sonorous peal of musical instruments.

"What do you say now?" asked Walpole, coming up.

Every man in the camp was awakened, and we spent the greater part of the night listening to the marvellous concert in the clouds.

The dawn of day found us looking at each other with pale faces and anxious eyes.

"Shall we break camp and move?" I asked.

"Yes, to-morrow," replied Walpole. "Give me one more day. I have found out something this morning that may lead to a great discovery. Down there by the lake there is what appears to be a streak of moss running in a zigzag fashion up the mountain. Well that moss fringes and partially conceals something like a rough-hewn or perhaps a natural flight of narrow steps winding round up the mountain. I am confident that a sailor like myself could manage to ascend a considerable distance, and I am going to try it."

We raised a unanimous protest, but Walpole was obstinate.

"I will take off my shoes," he said, "and by crawling on my hands and knees and by hugging the face of the rock it will be safe."

There was no way of talking him out of the notion, and as he could climb like a cat we finally agreed to let him try it.

It was slow work after the brave fellow had got fairly started, and we watched him in breathless suspense.

He crawled at a snail-like pace, never looking down, but keeping his eyes fixed on some point above.

Two or three of the men made a terrible effort to follow him, but soon had to retrace their steps.

The pathway was so narrow that only the most expert and surefooted climber could make his way.

It was midday before Walpole reached the edge of the white cloud or mist. After that we lost sight of him.

How far was he from the summit after he entered the cloud? Would he be able to proceed? Would he return alive?

We asked each other these questions as we waited for the result.

It was perhaps an hour after we lost sight of Walpole that we heard a cracking grinding noise.

We looked at the mountain and to our unutterable horror saw great fragments of granite falling over the mountain side; carrying with them the last vestige of the steps by which our poor friend had ascended!

The *debris* rattled down into the lake, leaving the wall perfectly upright and even, without the slightest projection to which anyone could cling.

As the sound of the falling rocks died away we shouted the name of Walpole. If he heard us in the luminous mist above he made no reply.

We spent one more night of anxiety and suspense at the foot of Mount Mystery.

There was absolutely no hope of ever seeing our lost companion again, but we could not tear ourselves from the place.

For the last time that night we heard the ringing songs and triumphant music in the cloud. It seemed wilder, louder more exultant than before.

"They are rejoicing," said Hinton, "over the capture or death of Walpole."

I did not doubt it. It was not likely that these strange dwellers in the air would spare one from the earth below who found his way into their midst.

The tumult on the mountain lasted till daybreak. There was nothing to be gained by delaying our departure, and it was with a sense of relief that we marched off, hoping this time to reach the coast.

It would be tiresome to relate the story of our trials. We made our way to the little port where the brig awaited us, and told the captain all about the tragic adventure of Mount Mystery.

"I dreaded something of the kind," said the old man. "Do you know that this mountain has figured in our sea stories for more than a century? I do not believe in anything supernatural, but I do believe that if any explorers can reach the top of Mount Mystery they will find a tribe of people who, with their ancestors, have been cut off from the rest of the world for hundreds of years. As for poor Walpole, it does not matter whether he is living or dead. He is dead to the world. He will never get out of that big white cloud and find his way to the plains below."

So we sailed away in the Pacific, and from that day to this I have never heard anything further from the mysterious land in the luminous cloud.

PRINCIPLES.—To get rid of evils is not to hack at them but to choke them out. To kill weeds, sow wheat. Shakespeare says in King Lear, "Though the wisdom can reason it this and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects." Arguments and proofs have little effect in stemming vice and promoting good unless they go to the very heart and core by tearing out the cause. Morality does so much in doing good as in being good in thought and intention, then the result will be of our seeking and aim as the pure internal feelings which inspire us. All society, social, political and religious, must be based upon substantial and durable principles, embedded and rooted in our nature, heart and mind in unison, and working as one harmonious whole, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength.

The present age is progressive, shaking off the shackles of the stationary past and advancing to the future in earnest pursuance of improvement, unchecked or unshame by any retarding process. To brave the formidable opposition of power and wealth, to fight the up-hill battle for principle of right and duty; to embrace convictions with firmness and cling to them unwavering when the tempest howls; this is true courage and manliness of character worthy of esteem and commendation. The present is crumbling beneath our feet at every step, and we are borne resistlessly on towards the future—that unknown and ineffable condition that stands like some terrible apparition within the shadows. We must meet it like men, and learn from the past the faith and hope that actuated men of all ages to the performance of great achievements for the extension of civilization and the welfare of humanity. W.L.

IS THE MOON PEOPLED?—Up to the present time we have remarked nothing on the moon's face which leads us to suspect the existence of a thinking humanity in that small celestial island. Nevertheless those astronomers who specially observe our satellite, and who study all its singular aspects with attention and preservance, are generally of the opinion that the planet is not so dead as it looks. We must not forget that in the present condition of optics it is difficult practically to apply to the study of the moon a magnifier superior to two thousand times. To see this world two thousand times nearer than it is in the sky is only to bring it within 48 leagues.

Now what can be clearly distinguished at a distance of 148 miles? An army on the march? A great city? Perhaps; but it is very doubtful. It is certain that enigmatical vibrations are going on on the surface of the moon especially in the arena of the circle of Plato. It is also certain that the lunar globe, forty-one times smaller than the globe, and eighty-one times less heavy, exercises upon its surface a weight one-sixth as great as that which exists on the surface of our planet in such a way that an atmosphere analogous to that which we breathe would be six times nearer difficult to perceive from here.

There is, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that this neighbor should differ so greatly from ours. If you look at the earth from a balloon which is four or five thousand feet high, our planet appears deserted, uninhabited, silent as an immense cemetery and anyone returning from the moon in a balloon might reasonably wonder, even at that small height, whether there were still people in America, and what had become of the roar of Philadelphia.

OIL ON THE WATERS.—The sponge fishers of Florida make great use of oil for the purpose of calming the surface of the water. During the greater part of the year the slight ripple on the water is easily overcome by that time-honored device, the water telescope.

By the aid of that instrument the fishers easily discern the sponges and hook them up from the bottom. But it sometimes happens in the spring that the roughness of the sea prevents the use both of hooks and telescopes. Then the sponger throws a spoonful of oil upon the waves, which produces a calm about his boat as long as he cares to drift about with it. The oil preferred by the spongers for this purpose is obtained from the liver of the "nurse" shark. This species of shark abounds in the vicinity of the Florida reefs, and is very easily capturep.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Londerers are amused by the appearance in the streets of a pony-trap in which are dogs of every kind and size, ranged tier over tier on a raised foundation, and each dog has a biscuit in his mouth. The dogs are stuffed, not with biscuits, but by the skill of the taxidermist. It is a clever advertising medium for a new kind of dog biscuit, but the best advertisement of all is a splendid Newfoundland wearing a saddlecloth, announcing that he lives upon the said biscuit.

Count Andor Szechenl at Buda Pesth, taunted Herr Wahrmann with being a Jew, and in a duel that followed was severely wounded. After he had been expected to die for six months he got well, and they were both put on trial. The Count's lawyer alleged that it was an honor for any one to come in contact with one of the Szechenl family, and the public prosecutor promptly rebuked him, declaring that nowadays nobody was noble by birth, but only by work and knowledge. The count was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and Herr Wahrmann was let go free.

The wife of a New York carpet dealer went out the other afternoon to call on some neighbors, leaving her nine-months-old baby asleep in a crib, with a rubber tube attached to a milk bottle in its mouth. When she returned she found portions of the bottle lying about the floor. During the night the baby was taken ill, and a physician who was called in discovered a small piece of glass in its mouth and later said that several pieces had passed down the larynx. Subsequently the little one died in great agony. It is thought that the infant broke the bottle on the edge of the crib, and, placing the broken neck in its mouth swallowed the pieces of the broken bottle.

A native patriot is said to have a remarkable umbrella. The handle is made from a piece of the Charter Oak, in which is set a fragment of Plymouth Rock; the stick is made from a branch of the elm under which George Washington formally assumed command of the forces of the revolting colonies; the ferrule is made from filings from one of General Grant's sword scabbards; the cover is composed of part of the green lining of a coat that once belonged to Aaron Burr; the ribs and springs are made from part of a steel gun which fell into the hands of the revolutionists at the battle of Brandywine; and into the sides of the handle are sunk eight brass tablets, made from the coat buttons of as many celebrated revolutionary generals.

There is scarcely any article of domestic use concerning which persons will not be surprised when they are informed as to the extent of its use. The number of corkscrews is a case in point the figures of which may appear decidedly antagonistic to the total abstinence cause. Thus one firm made, in one year, 150,000 corkscrews from a curious automatic machine, which discharged a finished corkscrew in about thirty seconds. These corkscrews, however, are made in a great variety of forms on purpose to meet the different tastes and uses of various persons and nations; one of the most peculiar of them being the left-handed corkscrew, of which the first one was made for a left-handed man; and they are now kept constantly in stock.

The Queen of Roumania is having built at her country residence a boudoir wherein to devote herself to literary composition. It is constructed of reeds behind which is a high hedge of roses running all around, with niches in which covered cages containing nightingales are to be placed. There is a fountain and a tiny cascade with perfumed water. In the middle of this chamber (the floor of which is covered with a thick soft carpet of green turf) is a mossy bank and a block of polished marble, covered with moss and ferns, which is hewn in the form of a desk and here the Queen is to indite her poems, and when exhausted by her labors she can repose herself in a most luxurious hammock, suspended by golden cords, which hangs on one side in close proximity to the nightingales and the falling waters.

A Down East boy who became suddenly possessed with a desire to develope his muscle, sought advice as to the best method to pursue, and was directed to swing Indian clubs beginning with a light pair and gradually increasing the weight as he became stronger. As this would necessitate the purchase of several pairs of clubs, which he could ill afford, he hit upon the following scheme.—He was the owner of two pups, which, though small in size, possessed to a remarkable degree the tenacity of grip for which the bulldog is so justly celebrated. He easily taught each of these to fix his teeth in the end of a small stick, and then taking one of the sticks in each hand he waved them about his head in some of the simple movements. As the dogs grew his strength increased, and now he may be seen in easy posture performing all the gyrations of an expert club swinger with two wooden handles to the ends of which a couple of 15 pound bulldogs hang on by their teeth with death-like grip.

Good-breeding is surface Christianity.

Our Young Folks.

PUSSY'S SECRET.

BY A.

THE cats were excited and highly delighted about Miss Tabby Molrow. Her eyes were bright green, and her whiskers were clean, and best of all was she smelt of sardine.

So they followed her making a row of mi-ew, and mi-aw, and miow—and with many a call they went up on the wall, black cats and gray cats and kittens and all, to make friends with Miss Tabby Molrow.

She had a secret—that was plain; it made her "mew," it gave her pain. She shook her head and wept and said: "It's very sad, they will go bad, for I can only put in my paw. Nobody knows what my trouble means, but I have got a beautiful box of sardines, and I can only put my paw through a hole with an edge as sharp as a saw. I grasp it, and rasp it, and pick it, and lick it, and I walk around it and smell it all over, but it's almost a pity I ever saw it, when there's only that one little hole in the cover." There was the secret you know it now that drew tears from the eyes of Tabby Molrow.

She never played, she never purred, she had not the heart to go after a bird, yet the other cats followed wherever she stirred; for everyone saw she was sucking her paws and her finger tips, and then licking her lips.

You may not know that when you go, at night, to bed with a sleepy head—when summer-time is warm—the cats go out to garden parties, and sing together "Yo ho, my hearties!" and walk about arm-in-arm.

They have concerts, dancing and boxing too—a general sort of how-do-you?—hold public meetings on the wall—have what a tribe of Indians call "a grand pow-wow." It may be nice for puss; it's hardly half so nice for us, to lie awake with such a row around.

The moon was out; the man in—eyes, nose, and mouth, and chin.

The night, was so bright, 'twas the loveliest sight, and one could see to pick up a pin; so, at you may suppose, one could see pretty soon the eyes and nose of the man in the moon.

No one could sleep, no one could rest, the tom-cats all were out in quest of Tabby and they prowled the walls with most heart-rending squalls and calls. They sang the melodies known to cats; they sang in sudden sharps and flats; each one tried a different tune, and they sang together under the moon.

They howled and growled and thickened their falls; they sang up and down the most horrible scales; and used hard language in hollow groans, till they got to the notes in the depth of their throats, and flew at each other with angry tones.

If you want to know what such conduct means, it meant that they wanted Tabby's sardines. And why were they swinging their tails behind them? They wanted sardines and they couldn't find them.

Tabby came walking along the wall, and she met with the finest musician of all. His name was Clawd (take notice, pray, he spelt it in a feline way). And as the puss walked along he sang for her his last new song.

Sung by Clawd the hint was broad, and Tabby said most sweetly, "What a nice song! Are your claws strong, and can you use them most neatly?"

He spread his paws, he showed his claws; he told her—much to Tabby's wonder—he could tear the very rocks asunder.

"No, no!" said Tabby, "don't mention rocks; but could you open a sardine box? I pushed one down on the larder floor, I hid it away behind the door. But the cover has been shut so close, that I cannot put in my nose. My case is hard, could not be harder; in fact, my case is tin; come with me, and we may get in—by the window of the larder."

Captain Tom—he was of the "Grays"—chanced to be walking below the wall; and, as it happened, he heard it all; he was home for a sort of holiday, or leave of absence from the war, and on his breast he wore a star, won for slaying the largest rat that ever yet was killed by a cat. He was proud of the deeds he had done in that war; and he wore an eye-glass, and smoked a cigar.

Tabby led Clawd down into the street. "Sing me a song and let it be sweet. Just for a minute I'll leave you here, while I go and see if the way is clear; sing me a song and I'll come back soon" (Oh! look at the face of the man in the moon. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.) Clawd was proud of being asked for a tune (there is a smile on the face of the man in the moon!)

Tabby came back without delay, but she never said what she wanted to say; for Captain Tom had walked that way. He made a bow to Tabby Molrow; Clawd looked the very reverse of gay, and wished that fellow would go away.

Tom would not go; he liked to chat; he told them the tale of a Persian cat, and the tale of that cat—to Clawd's great sorrow—was as about as long as to-day and to-morrow. Tom talked off-hand of cats he had met—tortoiseshell, carroty, as black as jet. He had a shocking amount to say; and, while Tabby purred at him it never occurred to him that he was really in the way.

He had the finest airs and manners, he talked of soldiers, band, and banners. He talked of tender things—young kittens—and how they lost their little mittens. He had a joke—hurrah! hurrah!—about a cat that played a guitar.

Here Clawd put in, "I too can play. I am most musical, and may be a great master yet some day."

You see, Clawd did not like at all to stand and listen and feel small; and, till the captain made that joke, he opened his mouth but never spoke; he wouldn't go and walk about, but he had nothing to talk about.

Then Tom bowed low.

"I am proud to know a gifted tom-cat, sir, like you; alas! for me, my gifts are few—I cannot play, I cannot sing; in fact, I can't do anything."

Clawd, very proud, picked up his whisker. He sent a kitten—to be brisker—to bring his instrument at once, just to astonish Tom, that dunce.

Said Captain Tom, "How very kind! I'll tell you what—if you don't mind—I cannot sing or play like you, but I can dance a step or two, and this is a most splendid chance—strike up a tune and we shall dance."

Clawd played away, and played very loud; Tom said it was lovely and he was proud. (Oh! the grin of the man in the moon!) He was not wise to play that tune.

Tabby and the captain gay, danced round the corner and danced away. They danced as if they went on springs, they glided around as if on wings, they talked of most agreeable things.

They talked of milk, they talked of mice, of washing fur as soft as silk, and how fresh fish was very nice. Tom told her how some pussies say that little fish are clever, for into tins they make their way, where one can see no hole whatever, till someone cuts into the tin; and yet how did the fish get in?

He said he did not understand the history of the great sardine box mystery; the little fishes were so small, they seemed to have no wits at all. "You see," he said, "somehow they go and squeeze together row on row in tight tin boxes just to match them, but, if they are not silly things, why do they leave the ponds and springs where it's so very hard to catch them?"

Here Tabby changed the subject straight:—"The price of meat is far too great. Men 'mew' their meat from street to street, and we get hardly any—they cut the skewers so very big, and give so little for a penny."

Said Tom:—"'Tis out a common dish. I know you live on daintier things—on toast and cream, and chickens' wings. Suppose, my dear, we talk of fish."

All this time Tabby thought it shabby to share with a friend her treat, while Clawd was waiting in the street. "I hardly wish to talk of fish," she said, her hunger trying to smother, "but I'll tell you about my brother. I lost him long ago, and where he went to we don't know.

"He was a kitten that would stray up and down the steps in play, for he liked to sit there, and to caper round the railings and over the scraper. And one fine day, I'm sorry to say, somebody stopped him, and somebody popped him into a pocket and took him away."

Tom ceased the dance—asked, in surprise, "What color were your brother's eyes? Oh! Tell me all and tell me true."

"His eyes were green—and very green; he had a brown nose in between."

"Mine are green too. And you must know since long ago it is probable that kitten grew."

"Oh! Tommy dear, can it be you?"

"Stop!" said the captain; "cease that purr. What color was your brother's fur?"

"His fur was grey: his tail was black; he had two marks along his back."

"Then, oh!" said he, "we are each other; and, pussy, I'm your long-lost brother."

The moon looked down on the bright white town, and the man in the moon had the smile of a scorner; for Clawd played on, while the others were gone, and there was no dancing round the corner.

Tom had his wish: they talked of fish; to describe his happiness language fails. They both purred hard, they both purred harder, and through the window of the larder there disappeared a pair of tails.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the cat and guitar. Clawd stood at the corner, and proud was he—why, Tom would die of jealousy! Captain Tom would be driven away, for he couldn't sing and he couldn't play. So Clawd played with glee, counting one, two, three, and he almost twanged the strings asunder—till all at once he began to wonder where in the world the others could be.

They came at last—they licked their lips; their tails were wagging at the tips. The smell of their whiskers was fishy and sweet, and they purred to each other along the street. They licked their paws with airs and graces; they sat in the moonlight and washed their faces.

Out they had cleared the sardine-box out; they had stuffed in their noses and shoved it about. Tom had held it down with his paw, to get a good gnaw with the side of his jaw; and Tabby had licked it outside and in, till she nearly swallowed the whole of the tin.

They had sat at each side of it on the floor, and almost cried when there was no more.

They might have sat there till next day, but somebody came and chased them away, lighting a candle to hunt them out, and flapping a duster round about. They were calm again out in the street; they licked their paws and made them neat, and washed their faces down the middle.

Clawd guessed the riddle with discontent, and, with a wild and angry wail, put back his ears and swung his tail, and flung away his instrument.

Then he and Tabby's long-lost brother argued the question with each other. They arched their backs, their tails were brushes, they swept the walls with frantic rushes.

They faced each other very close with only hollow mutterings; they crouched together nose to nose, and said the most provoking things; then suddenly they came to blows, and Clawd sang like his guitar-strings.

However, between wails and warning, they both enjoyed it until morning. And some all night in broken sleep thought barrel organs sounded deep.

And some folk sleeplessly lying, heard Clawd and Tabby's long-lost brother, and feared bad men were trying to smother some baby that was crying.

Meanwhile upon a garden wall, screened from the moon by evergreens, Miss Tabby curled up like a ball, and dreamt of the sardines.

IN FAIRYLAND.

BY SHEILA.

"IT is a pretty idea," said Aunt Madge to her little niece and nephew" that the rings in the grass are where the fairies dance by moonlight, that little red-capped dwarfs live in the hills, and beautiful ladies in the lakes and fountains; but it is all just as much make-believe as your doll's dinner-parties, Elsie."

"Oh, I know that there are no fairies, not really and truly," said Elsie, "but, aunty, it is ever such fun to make believe. Who were the fairies?"

"Well, Puck was one of them," said the aunt pulling Robin's curly hair, "and a very mischievous elf he was supposed to be. If travellers wandered out of their way on a dark night and stumbled into a swamp, they put it down to Puck. If the horses strayed from the meadow, it was Puck again, who, transforming himself into a shaggy colt, had enticed them to follow him. There was no end to the naughtiness of Master Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, as he was sometimes called; and yet people did not dislike him, because they said it was his nature to play pranks, and that he did everything out of sheer love of fun.

"Then people took it into their heads that Puck would sometimes live in a house, and do the servants' work for them before they came down in the morning: such as grind the malt, spin the flax, and thresh the corn. One writer speaks of him as the 'drudging goblin,' and goes on quite gravely to say that if in return for his services 'the bowl of curds and cream were not duly set out, why then either the pottage was burned the next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come.' Another writer, who loved fairies, makes Puck apologize quite prettily for himself. 'This is what he is supposed to say when scolded 'A little random elf am I, born in one of Nature's sports, a very weed, created for the simple sweet enjoyment of myself, but for no other purpose, worth, or need that ever I could learn. 'Tis I that bob the angler's idle cork, and steal the morsel from the gossip's fork. I am a pinch of lively dust to frisk upon the wind, and so I tickle myself with the lightest straw, and shun all griefs that might make me stagnant.'

"So much for Robin Goodfellow, merriest and most frolicsome of spirits.

* * * * * *

"Now we come to Queen Mab, beautiful little Queen Mab, empress of dreams, who was once believed to hasten all night long from pillow to pillow, scattering dreams as she passed along. It was a pretty idea, was it not? Just imagine a queen condescending to fly through a chink in the shutter, on purpose to bring you a dream with her own right royal hand!

"Folk used to say that Mab robbed the dairy, and that when the butter would not come it was her fault.

"But I cannot help thinking of the French proverb which says, 'those who are absent are always in the wrong.'

"When things went awkwardly, it was so easy to lay the blame on the poor fairies, whom no one ever saw—for the best of reason, that they did not exist at all except in people's fancy.

"I am sure you would like to hear the names of the elves who compose the royal court of Fairyland, so I read you a list of them, drawn up by a clever man long ago.

"Did he make them up? Well, yes, you inquisitive children, I suppose he did, but what then? It was very nice of him to take the trouble, I think. Ah, here we are—

"Oberon, the Emperor.

"Mab, the Empress.

"Perriwiggin, Perriwinkle, Puck, Hobgoblin, Tomalin, and Tom Thumb, Courtiers.

"Hop, Mop, Drop, Pip, Trip, Skip, Tub, Tib, Tick, Pink, Pin, Quick, Gill, Im, Tit, Wap, Win, and Nit, Maids of Honor.

"Nymphidia, the Mother of the Maids.

* * * * * *

"The story goes on to relate how Oberon and his royal consort rode out hunting, and how they chased neither hare nor deer, but a 'brace of snails of the first head.'

"We are told by an early English writer that fairies were 'little, little creatures clothed in green,' and that they wore high-heeled shoes and high-crowned hats.

"A popular charm to keep them away was turning your cloak; and another belief was that if you struck a fairy it would melt into thin air.

"You need not look so aghast, Elsie. It sounds dreadful, doesn't it? But then you must remember that no one ever yet saw a fairy to strike."

"In some European countries the country people even now believe that it would be very wrong to destroy a colony of ants, or 'Muryans,' as they are called, because they are neither more or less than one of the fairy tribes.

"In Somersetshire the elves are said to live underground, and come out of a mole-hill whenever they wish to visit the upper regions.

"People never wanted to see them, because they had a ridiculous idea that anyone who caught sight of a fairy became blind of one eye.

"A number of elves lived in a coal mine, at least so the miners fancied; and the men use to think they often came across little mining tools belonging to them and heard them digging and pounding.

"In Wales they call them 'knockers,' and believe that when the elves can be heard knocking it is a sign that rich veins of silver and lead are close at hand, only waiting for the pickaxe.

"Other fairies are termed by the Welsh the 'spirits of the mountains'—a pretty title, is it not?

"Now the last story I am going to tell you to-day is about some fairies who in very ancient days were supposed by the Welsh people to inhabit an enchanted island in the middle of a lake, near Brecknock. Every May Day it was said that a door in a rock close to the lake was found open, and those daring enough to walk through the passage found themselves in lovely garden full of fruit and flowers, and were kindly received by the 'Fairy Family,' as the owners of the island were called.

"The visitors were cautioned not to take away with them anything that grew in the garden, but in spite of this a man once picked a flower and put it into his pocket, fancying that no one would notice the theft.

"But the instant he reached the other side the flower he had taken vanished, and ever since that day folk say that the door in the rock has been firmly shut, and no one can visit the 'Fairy Family.'"

A PERSIAN MIDAS.—When passing an Arab's tent, says an Asiatic traveler, I met a man from Shuster who related several anecdotes to me, among which was the following version of the story of Midas and his ass's ears:

King Shapur had horns of which he was greatly ashamed. Fearing that his subjects might learn the fact, and that his dignity might be compromised, he ordered every barber who shaved his head to be put to death immediately afterwards so that the secret might not transpire.

At length one who was about to experience his fate succeeded in persuading the King to spare his life and to employ no one else, so that the secret which he took a solemn oath not to reveal, might remain with him alone.

For three years he kept his oath, but at last, the secret becoming too heavy a load for him to bear, to release himself from it he went to the mouth of a well and called out,

"Oh, well! Know that King Shapur has horns."

Shortly afterwards a shepherd passing by the well cut a reed growing at its edge to make himself a pipe to pipe his sheep. The first time he played upon it, instead of music, there only came from it the words, "Shapur has horns! Shapur has horns!"

The King soon learned that his secret had been betrayed, and sent for the barber, who confessed that although he had divulged it to no one, according to his oath, he had been compelled, in consequence of the intolerable burden of keeping it, to deliver himself of it at the mouth of the well. King Shapur accepted his excuse, and graciously pardoned him.

OF COURSE SHE WAS RIGHT.—"I should like to know," said Mr. Rambo, testily, when the conversation had begun to wax warm, "why it is that a woman always wants to have the last word."

"She doesn't," replied Mrs. Rambo. "It's a slander."

"My dear, it is certainly the truth. You know you always——"

"Absalom, you know better, I don't."

"I am sure——"

"No, you're not. It isn't so."

"Why, my dear, can't you see——"

"No, I can't! And I think—boo hoo—you are—are just as—as mean as you can be."

"Well, dear, I'll take it back. You don't always want the last word."

"Of course I don't. I don't see what you wanted to say so for."

"Well, I won't say it any more."

"Because you know it isn't true."

"I——"

"As well as I do."

"I——"

"You want it yourself."

"I——"

"And you know it."

"You may be right, my dear," said Mr. Rambo quietly, putting on his hat and going out.

"I know I'm right," replied Mrs. Rambo, calling after him."

In the reign of James I., men and women wore looking glasses publicly—the men as brooches or ornaments in their hats; and the women, at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes—like the ladies of our day—in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes.

DORCAS.

BY WILLIAM COWAN.

In Joppa by the Western Sea,
She lived a life of charity;
Dorcas—Gazelle—so called, 'twas said,
From the great beauty of the maid.

But not alone of graceful form,
She had a higher, nobler charm—
A kindly woman whom God's grace
Had given in the Church a place.

Love spoke through her soft, tender eyes,
Words cheering, hopeful, trusty, wise;
Love followed where her footsteps fell,
And moved the hand which wrought so well.

From day to day she deftly plied
Her needle with unconscious pride;
And many a garment from her store
Sheltered and warmed the Joppan poor.

Gentle in word, and kind in deed,
Her every act a fruitful seed,
Which yields through all the centuries
A harvest of sweet ministries.

Oh, what a wail arose that day
When God took the kind soul away!
Street answered street in piteous cries,
And hearts were sad and wet were eyes.

She who would live amid earth's strife
A quiet, useful, happy life,
Good works attendant on her way—
She is the Dorcas of to-day.

SUDDEN FORGETFULNESS.

Not many things are more surprising than the lapses of memory one sometimes meets with in persons whose powers of mind, both natural and acquired, are considered to be much above the average.

On the stage, the prompter is the safety from forgetfulness; but in the concert theatre lapses take place. Even a great living tenor has been known to retire in the middle of a song he had been singing every week for almost a lifetime, because all memory of the words he wanted was gone.

Such a case of sudden forgetfulness occurred in a theatre early in the present century. During the performance, which seems to have been of a mixed character, th gods in the galleries called for their favorite song, "The Sprig of Shillelagh," though it was not announced in the bills; and Mr. John Henry Johnstone, a well-known Irish actor and vocalist, came forward with alacrity and good-humor, to comply with the wishes of the gods.

Accordingly, the music played, but the singer stood silent and apparently confused. The symphony was repeated, but the same silence and confusion on the part of the vocalist took place in rather an increased degree. The symphony was performed a third time, but all to no purpose.

At length Mr. Johnstone came forward to the front of the stage and thus addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you that I have sung this song so often that I forget the first line."

A roar of laughter greeted these words, and hundreds of good-humored voices began to prompt the singer, who immediately gave the favorite song in good style, and gained increased applause.

Sudden forgetfulness is not an unusual thing in the pulpit. Aubrey, the antiquary, says that when he was a freshman at college he heard Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, well known for his work, "Nine Cases of Conscience," break down in the middle of the Lord's Prayer.

Even the great French preacher Massillon himself recorded that the same thing happened through excess of apprehension to two other preachers whom he went to hear in different parts of the same day.

Another French preacher stopped in the middle of a sermon and was unable to proceed. The pause was, however, got over ingeniously. "Friends," said he, "I had forgot to say that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers." He meant himself. He fell on his knees; and before he rose he had recovered the thread of his discourse, which he concluded without his want of memory being discovered.

A late clergyman of Boston was once in a similar predicament. In the middle of a sermon his memory failed him and he stopped abruptly. The pause seemed long to the preacher before he regained his thought, and he imagined the sermon to be a failure in consequence; but as he walked quietly up the aisle, a different impression was given to him. "How did you like the sermon?" asked one hearer of another. "Like it? It is the best sermon he has ever preached. That pause was sublime!"

A good illustration of this sudden forgetfulness comes from the same district. A worthy minister there is not only absent-minded and has a short memory, but he breaks down as continually as he breaks down suddenly. To counteract this, it is a habit with him, when he forgets anything, to rise again and make a few supplementary remarks, which he always begins with the phrase, "By the way."

One Sunday he got half-way through a prayer from memory, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without pronouncing the closing word. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his finger at the amazed congregation, he exclaimed: "Oh, by the way, Amen!"

It is said of Father Taylor, a preacher to sailors, that once, when he got confused, he cried out: "Boys, I've lost my nominative case; but never mind, we're on the way to glory!"

We can understand a lapse of memory taking place when the mind is overburdened and unusual demands are being made upon it; but for a failure to occur when there is no stress put upon the mental powers is singular. Here is a case in point.

We are told on good authority that a prominent Harvard Professor went into the old Cambridge postoffice and presented himself at the place where the delivery of letters was made. He stood there silent, but apparently very confused about something.

The clerk in charge inquired what he desired: "My letters, please." "Name, sir?" asked the clerk. After stammering and stuttering, the learned man said: "I have quite forgotten my name!" The official know the Professor, and with a smile handed him his letters.

"You will forget your own name next," is a phrase often thrown at the stupid, and perhaps there would be some excuse for them even if they did so.

THE greatest battle a man may have to fight, is with his own passions, and for this he requires moral courage to support him in the hour of need, so that he may not give way to temptations. A person without moral courage is despised by everyone. He has most surely no self-reliance. He always yields to the advice of others, whether good or bad, has no opinion of his own, and belongs to no party. How many has not the want of moral courage ruined? How many men, when they have lost their fortune, and reduced their family to want, have not the moral courage to try and retrieve their loss? How many from the same cause sit idly by the wayside, and let honor, distinction and glory slip through their fingers! They have neither the courage nor the perseverance to go forward, and thus the day of labor passes, and the night of misery closes over them, leaving only darkness and sorrow.

Grains of Gold.

A fool is always beginning.

It is better to do well than to say well.

When two quarrel, both are in the wrong.

An enemy is a teacher who costs us nothing.

A man's own business does not defile his fingers.

He who throws himself under the bench will be left to lie there.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

Knowledge is dearly bought if we sacrifice to it moral qualities.

Truth is truth, though from an enemy and spoken in malice.

Remember every moment of resistance to temptation is a victory.

Self made men are most always apt to be a little too proud of the job.

No man ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others.

Much which passes in the world for knowledge is but a slight and trivial thing.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human, the latter is divine.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

As it has been finely expressed, "Princ'ple is a passion for truth." And as an earlier and homelier writer has it, "The truths we believe in are the pillars of our world."

Femininities.

A revival of coral and gold jewelry is predicted.

A woman who has never been pretty has never been young.

A rich girl may be homely, but she will never know it by hearsay.

For parents. It is a wise child that resembles its richest relative.

Silence is golden, but it makes a woman feel very poor if she cannot talk.

Animals' heads in hammered silver are the latest fancy in parasol handles.

Modesty in a woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on.

Of course a girl who fences is graceful, especially if she is on the right side of the gate.

The maid that loves goes out to sea upon a shattered plank and puts her trust in miracles for safety.

Tale-bearers have done more mischief in this world than the poisoned bowl or the assassin's dagger.

A woman too often reasons from her heart; hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles.

He: "Isn't Mrs. Maydupp's black hair pretty?" She: "I don't think it half as pretty as her light brown."

In London dressmakers and others are fined heavily for allowing their girls to work over time in the shops.

Out in Morocco a girl sits still and grows fat before marriage. In this country she does all that work after marriage.

The meaning of a common marigold is "grief, despair." French marigold, "jealousy;" African marigold, "conceit."

Our own opinion of ourselves should be lower than that formed by others, for we have a better chance at our imperfections.

Woman's power is over the affections. A beautiful dominion is hers, but she risks its forfeiture when she seeks to extend it.

Heard on the street. First domestic: "Where are ye livin' now?" Second domestic that was: "I ain't livin' at all; I'm married."

The average hotel clerk knows almost everything, but he can't tell why a woman will persist in asking what time the 5 o'clock train leaves.

Steel lace, as fine as cobweb, and in any color, makes collars and cuffs for women that will not wilt in the warmest weather, and are winning favor.

Chicago boasts of the most economic young lady in the West. When she washes her face she always laughs, so as not to have so much face to wash.

"Were you troubled with ennui at sea?" he asked, airily. "Well," said the Chicago girl, "I was at first, but cracked ice relieved me very much."

He: "I saw you and Miss Simpson coming out of a hair store this afternoon, Miss Clara." She: "Yes; Ethel had a little shopping to do and asked me to accompany her."

Tar may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve the tar so that it can be rubbed off.

It is astonishing how much scorn, indignation and contempt a woman can put into two words. If you do not believe it, just listen while she speaks of someone she dislikes as "That man!"

The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charms of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star—she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one as he.

Moths or any summer flying insects may be enticed to destruction by a bright tin pan half filled with kerosene set in a dark corner of the room. Attracted by the bright pan, the moth will meet his death in the kerosene.

A little girl at Byron, Mich., had a birthday party recently, and went down to tell the editor about it so he "could put it in the paper." She said: "We had two kinds of cake and six little girls, and didn't have a single fight."

We are told in a poem that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." This is, no doubt, a pretty sentiment; but the author ought to know that about eight women out of ten rock the cradle with their foot.

It may be worth knowing that water in which three or four onions have been boiled, applied with a gilding brush to the frames of pictures and chimney glasses, will prevent flies from lighting on them and will not injure the frames.

Did you ever notice how inconsistent women are? Nothing touches them in such a tender spot as the suggestion of antiquity, and yet what do nine out of ten of the dear creatures say when they meet each other on the street? They say: "Why, it's been an age since I saw you!"

Lady Philippa Howard, who is going to wed a London physician, is the fourth of the present Duke of Norfolk's sisters. She is 38 years of age. Two of the Ladies Howard are nuns. It is considered a great mesalliance in England for a duke's daughter to marry a medical man.

A Manchester, N. H., young lady greatly alarmed herself and family a few nights ago by stepping upon a rusty nail, which penetrated her foot. Remedies and bandages were promptly applied, and, when morning came, it was discovered that the uninjured foot had received the treatment.

The very best nourishment for invalids and children is the juice pressed from a steak or mutton chop thoroughly trimmed and boiled about five minutes. The meat for this purpose should be cut at least three-quarters of an inch thick. The juice may be extracted from the meat by a lemon-squeezer or a meat-press, which comes for this purpose.

Masculinities.

A slow match—Four years of courtship.

Whenever the speech is corrupted so is the mind.

The modern dyer controls 15,000 different shades of color.

When a man is anxious to buy he gets the worst of the bargain.

What a silent old world it would be if men talked only as much as they think.

A man may make himself a house, but he cannot make it a home. His wife must do that.

The man who can't sing and won't sing deserves the eternal gratitude of all his friends and neighbors.

A gorgeous funeral is the only event in which the man most interested takes no interest whatever.

There is an old song beginning, "Love knocks at the door." He knocks less often than he finds it open.

What we want is not to see ourselves as others see us. We want to have others see us as we see ourselves.

Some young men when they get the mitten pine away, but most of them spruce up and catch another girl.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you and you are liable to find yourself exceedingly small.

The pet pug dog is now frequently treated to a Turkish bath. The curled darling will yet have its own smoking-room, library and art gallery.

Let boys be instructed in all the designs of nature and they will be improved in morals, and learn to love animals instead of throwing stones at them.

An employer of 1600 persons says: "The best women are more faithful than the best men, but the average record of the men is far above that of the women."

Women do a good deal of talking in a lifetime, that's a fact, but we have observed that the men generally seem to be willing to listen to what they say.

Most men are wise when they follow the advice of their wives. Solomon was the wisest among men; and why shouldn't he be, when he had 700 wives to instruct him?

Near-sighted pedestrian (familiarly): "Hallo, Dick!" (Discovers mistake.) "Oh, oh! Excuse me, I thought you were another person!" "Merciful powers! Ain't I?"

"Did you ever go to the circus, Jim?" asked one small urchin of another. "Not a real circus," said Jim, reflectively; "but I've seen my mother water the garden with the hose."

The President of Honduras has requested his friends to send him photographs and autographs, as he intends to entirely cover the walls of one of his rooms with these souvenirs of friendship.

To one who said, "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," another replied, "It is impossible that any one man should know all the world, but quite possible that one may know himself."

The wild bird that flies so long and far has somewhere its nest and brood. A little fluttering heart of love impels its wings, and points its course. There is nothing so solitary as a solitary man.

It is a curious fact that a great majority of those British infants, the sole survivors of shipwreck, who are washed ashore into the first page of modern three-volume novels, turn out to be of noble birth.

Hypodermic injections of strychnine are said to cure drunkenness and cause absolute aversion to liquor. What an awful revenge it would be to try this treatment on some responsible soaker while he sleeps!

Husband: "Did you take some money from my pocket after I had gone to bed last night?" Wife: "A little dear. You know that you have told me often that you disliked to be asked for money when you are tired."

"All the men are not fools, anyhow!" snapped Mrs. Cartly to her husband during a little domestic discussion. "No, my dear," replied Mr. C., with true manly politeness. "No, there are a few bachelors left as samples."

Husband (contemplatively): "How true it is, my dear, that the good that men do is oft interred with their bones." Wife (not contemplatively) "Yes, I s'pose there's so little of it that it isn't considered worth saving."

The man who was convulsed with laughter at a woman trying to sharpen a pencil, was soon after discovered trying to cut a paper pattern by the united efforts of a pair of scissors, his right hand, lower jaw and two-thirds of his tongue.

Two years ago a girl pupil in a Waco (Neb.) school eloped with the principal. The pair were intercepted at Denver by a young detective and returned to Waco, the officer going along. This week the detective again visited Waco, but on an entirely different mission. It was to make the girl his wife.

The cynical bachelor is at it again. Now he says he can prove by statistics that two wives elope to one husband, and three widows remarry to one widower, and that seven-tenths of the engagements which are broken are broken by women. Now let us hear from a cynical old maid on these and other questions.

A Montana paper recently contained this remarkable notice: "Mr. Charles Johnson and Miss Fannie West were married by the Rev. S. Hills on Wednesday. So far no trouble has resulted, and those best informed as to the situation say there will be none." The next day the editor apologized, and explained that part of an item regarding an incipient strike had got into the wrong place.

Recent Book Issues.

"An Idyl of Bar Harbor" is a blank-verse poem-story, by F. W. Pierson. If it has few other conspicuous merits it at least is brief. The Welles Publishing Co., 695 Broadway, New York.

Cassell & Co., New York, have added to their "Rainbow Series" "My Aunt's Match-making" and other tales. Such fiction will always have its readers, and, although it is weak, it has the merit of at least being harmless.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The English Illustrated Magazine is very good this month. Among the articles may be mentioned, "Postoffice Parcels and Telegraphs," illustrated; "A Rugby Ramble," by H. A. Newton, with illustrations by W. Harold Oakley; "Family Portraits," by S. J. Weyman, is part first of a two-part sketch; and "The Patagonia," by Henry James. The frontispiece is entitled "The Parish Clerk," engraved by R. Taylor from the picture by Gainsborough in the National Gallery. MacMillan & Co., New York.

One of the most attractive articles in *Wide Awake* for August is the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "The Story of Boston Common," which has for one of its illustrations a reproduction of Henry Bacon's celebrated picture, "The Boston Schoolboys and General Gage." The frontispiece, "At the Crisis," illustrates "Saved on the Brink," an exciting story by J. Macdonald Oxley. James Otis sustains his reputation as a writer for the young in his amusing serial tale, "A Necktie Party;" and Mrs. James T. Fields, in "A Helping Hand," offers a story which will please and improve young women just entering upon the sterner duties of life. There is also a great deal of other matter of an entertaining and instructive character in this number, and the magazine, in both its letter-press and illustrations, is one of the best of recent issues. Published at Boston.

The August *Lippincott* opens with an unusually strong novel by Maude Howe, entitled "Mammon," which has a vigorous and stirring plot, and is interesting as a return to that satirical vein which the author first opened in her maiden effort, "A Newport Aquarelle." W. H. Babcock gives a very pleasant description and historical sketch of "The Eastern Shore of Maryland," with which this author is intimately acquainted. An excellent autobiograpical sketch, "My Reasons for Becoming a Woman-Suffragist," is by Elizabeth L. Saxon, well known as an advocate of and lecturer on the woman question. One of the most interesting features is the close of the prize competition which began in the February number, and the announcement of the winners' names. The poetry is by Frank Dempster Sherman, Clinton Scollard, and William H. Hayne. The departments keep up their interest. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

The midsummer number of *The American Magazine* abounds with interesting and timely literature. Dr. W. F. Hutchinson presents the fourth of his finely illustrated articles in the series "Along the Caribbean," in this instance dealing with Trinidad. Another entertaining paper is entitled "Where Burgoyne Surrendered," by C. H. Crandall, in which is described the Saratoga Monument that is soon to be unveiled. Frederick G. Schwatka, the noted Arctic explorer, tells about "The American Arctic Savage" in an entertaining manner, and Trebor Oal has an illustrated paper on "Six Story-Tellers for Children," in which she speaks of the lives and work of Louise Imogen Guiney, Margaret Sydney, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Nora Perry, Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney and Alice Wellington Rollins. Mary Agnes Tinckner's novel "Two Coronets," has a strong instalment; there are bright and interesting short stories, several good poems, and much other readable matter, besides well-filled departments. The American Magazine Co., New York.

The Century midsummer holiday number, just issued, contains a number of attractive features. There is a biographical sketch by Miss Anna Laurens Dawes, a daughter of Senator Dawes, of Mr. George Kennan, whose portrait is a frontispiece to the magazine. In his series of articles on Siberia, Mr. Kennan gives an account of his first meeting with political exiles. James Lane Allen in an article entitled "A Home of the Silent Brotherhood," describes the Abbey of La Trappe, in Kentucky. George W. Cable writes on "Home Culture Clubs;" Richard Malcomb Johnston contributes a humorous illustrated sketch, "The Experiments of Miss Sally Cash;" Lincoln Cathedral is described in an illustrated paper by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and there are articles by John Burroughs on "The Heart of the Southern Catskills," and by Lyman Abbott on "The Pulpit for To-day." Edward Eggleston's novel, "The Graysons," is concluded and two serials are begun. "Sidereal Astronomy, Old and New," is by Edward S. Holden, of Lick Observatory, and "A Mexican Campaign," by Thomas A. Janvier. The Lincoln History treats of Tennessee and Kentucky, and there are poems in this number by Arlo Bates, Charles Edward Markham, Florence Earle Coates, Caroline Hazard, Minnie Irving, Richard E. Burton and Celia Thaxter. The Century Co., New York.

Most complexion powders have a vulgar glare, but Pozzoni's is a true beautifier, whose effects are lasting.

CONCERNING BELLS.

THE origin of the bell is not known; but a knowledge of it goes back to a period beyond the written history of nations. One pious writer, in his Dissertation on Bells, asserts that he finds it recorded in several histories that Noah received a command that the workmen employed in building the Ark should be summoned to their labor by the strokes of wood on a bell; but the earliest mention of them in Scriptures is found in Exodus, when speaking of the necessary ornaments for the hem of the high-priest's robe: "And beneath upon the hem of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof; and bells of gold between them round about: a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister; and his sound shall be heard, when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out that he die not."

It is possible that the Assyrians and Egyptians used bells exclusively in religious rites; but the Greeks and Romans employed them for secular as well as for religious purposes. The great feasts of Osiris, the judge of the dead, were inaugurated by the Egyptian priests with the ringing of handbells; and the Greek priests followed the same customs when they sacrificed.

Later they were in general use with both Greeks and Romans. Pliny refers to a sounding of a bell in public places in Athens to advertise the sale of fish. The Greek sentries in camps and garrisons, when they heard the ringing of a bell, knew the relief-guards were approaching, and were bound to answer the signal.

At Rome also, the musical tinkling, announcing the hour for the indulgence of the luxurious bath, was welcomed by the Romans, who made great use of bells as personal ornaments, and adopted them for emblems on their triumphal processional cars.

The small square hand-bells, made of thin plates of hammered iron, riveted together at the sides and bronzed, were exclusively used for ecclesiastical purposes.

Ireland possesses a rich collection of these old bells, some of which with a traditional history, are preserved in costly shrines, embellished with gems. In the *Annals of the Four Masters*, mention is made of the "Bell of St. Patrick," which has ever been held in special veneration because of the belief that it was the property of that saint.

This bell is only six inches high, five broad, and four deep; the shrine is of beaten brass, covered with an antique design of gold and silver filigree, worked in complicated convolutions and knots. The whole is profusely studded over with rock crystals, garnets and other precious stones. It is now in the Royal Irish Academy.

Supplementary to these small bells used in services, are others employed for the administration of oaths, which oaths are considered essentially binding and sacred.

Apart from the veneration felt for these bells, superstition sometimes invested them with peculiar power, like the "Bell of St. Columba," for example, known as "God's Vengeance," which the taker of the oath believed could inflict on a perjurer terrible and indescribable punishment.

The suspended bell is a recent introduction, compared with the antiquity of the hand-bell.

The most reliable guide for deciding the approximate date of the casting of a bell is the several marks and stamps impressed upon it by the founder, for it is generally known in what century any noted founder lived; and they were also fond of inscribing on them quaint mottoes, sometimes of exhortation, sometimes of warning, a definition of their use, or an injunction to attend to certain duties.

In 1675, an old peal of bells, each bearing a motto, was taken down from an English church and recast. No. 4 was the workmen's bell: "I ring at six to let men know, when to and from their work to go." No. 7 the sermon bell. No. 8 implies the frequent occurrence of fires, when the greater part of the houses were built of wood instead of stone: "I am, and have been called the Common Bell, To ring when Fier breaks out to tell.

Legend has always invested bells with miraculous powers and strange influences; but why the so-called spirits of darkness are credited with strong aversion to their din, has never been satisfactorily explained. In many Catholic countries the bells are set ringing during a thunder storm, a practice which prevailed in England before the Reformation. A remnant of the same faith lingers in the tolling of the "Sanctus" or passing-bell, which, previous to the eighteenth century was sounded before, not after death.

Moore founded his plaintive song, "Silent O Moyle," on an old Irish myth on the power of church bells. "The daughter of Lir was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain hills and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the church bells was to be the signal for her release."

The Netherlands claims the first introduction of chimes. The carillons of Ghent, Bruges, and other continental towns are played by means of keys attached by bands to the bells, on the same principle as a piano; but the old fashion of swinging them by pulleys is still universal.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

CHANCES OF LIFE.—A writer in one of our leading magazines, recently gave some curious statistics referring to the chances of being hit by bullet or shell in modern warfare.

He quotes an old saying to the effect that "it takes a man's weight in lead to kill him," and he shows by the returns from more than one battle-field that the axiom is literally true. As a case in point, he alludes to the battle of Stone's River, one of the greatest during the late war.

In the official report of this battle it is stated that the artillery fired 20,307 rounds of ammunition, representing a weight of 225,000 pounds. The infantry fired two million rounds, being a weight of lead which exceeded 150,000 pounds. These two weights combined are fully equal to the weight of the men killed or mortally wounded—who numbered 2319.

Another calculation with regard to this battle takes note of the wounded, and is given in another form. Here it is stated that 20,000 rounds of artillery hit 728 men, and that the two million infantry rounds hit 13,832 men; averaging 274 cannon-shots to hit one man, and 145 musket-shots to hit one man.

The old adage which states that "every bullet has its billet" would seem, therefore, to require some qualification. It is at anyrate a comfort to consider that the modern soldier has so many chances against being shot, for, according to these figures, for every bullet which finds its billet, exactly one gross go astray.

THE VALUE OF ONIONS.—The free use of onions for the table has always been considered by most people a healthy and desirable vegetable, and but for their odor, which is objectionable to many, they would be found more generally on our dining-tables.

For a cold on the chest there is no better specific for most persons than well-boiled or roasted onions.

They may not agree with everyone, but to persons with good digestion they will not only be found to be a most excellent remedy for a cough and the clogging of the bronchial tubes, which is usually the cause of the cough, but, if eaten freely at the outset of a cold, they will usually break up what promised, from the severity of the attack, to have been a serious one.

A writer in one of the medical journals recently recommended the giving of young raw onions to children three or four times a week, and when they get too large and strong to be eaten raw, then boil and roast them, but do not, he says, abandon their free use.

Another writer, advocating their use, says: "During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week.

Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity or any mother to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scarlatina anginosa, &c., where onions were freely used."

PEACOCKS' FEATHERS.—A superstition, which is especially prevalent among some classes in all parts of the world, associates ill-luck with peacocks' feathers. The reason for its existence in Arabia is not far to seek; Mahommedan tradition asserting that the peacock and the snake were both placed at the entrance to Paradise, to give warning of approaching danger, that Satan seduced them both, and that in consequence they shared his punishment.

Did the European superstition come through Saracen sources or is it a popular reminiscence of the classical fable of Argus, the one-hundred-eyed minister of King Osiris, who was turned by Juno into a peacock, the multitudinous eyes being placed in his tail?

This legend might readily enough have been associated with the superstition of the evil eye. In the sixteenth century garlands of peacocks' feathers were bestowed on liars and cheats, and so the feathers might symbolize an ever-watchful traitor in the house.

Another explanation is that peacocks' feathers were anciently used as funeral emblems, and hence could not fail in time to be looked upon as ill-omened. Paracelsus says that "if a peacock cries more than usual and out of time, it forteils the death of some one in that family to whom it doth belong."

THE gilded youth of the period comes down to Newport for the season with as many trunks as my lady brings, in which his wardrobe is folded carefully away, the choicest articles enveloped in tissue paper. He has his scented sachels to lay among his silken scarfs and sashes, his jewel-box for his wealth of rings and pins, and studs and chains, his silver brushes and combs, his dozen pairs of boots, his variety of hats, gloves by the box, and suits of clothing, fit for every occasion that a brilliant imagination could conceive. He goes to a manicure for his nails and to a barber for his hair, but the rest his valet does, and takes him to pieces every night.

LET no man presume to give good advice to others that has not first given good counsel to himself.

LOG CABINS can hardly be considered handsome or elegant, but they were fit habitations for the rugged pioneers of America. Our ancestors were rugged specimens of noble manhood, complete in health, strength and endurance. Their wholesome remedies are reproduced to this later age, in Warner's Log Cabin Remedies and Warner's "Tippecanoe."

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A halfteaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT THAT EVERY FAMILY KEEP A SUPPLY OF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Scarlet Fever, and other malignant diseases, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness quickly cure the patient.

A FAMILY NECESSITY.

SANTA FE, KAS., Aug. 25, '87.

DR. RADWAY & CO.:

Your valuable medicines are a necessity in our family, we entirely rely on the Ready Relief and Pills for what they are recommended, and they never fail to give satisfaction.

MRS. GEORGE LOHMILLER.

Malaria In All Its Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it in chills and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

PRACTICING WITH R. R. R.

MONTAGUE, TEXAS.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.

THOS. J. JONES.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

Price fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in Operation.

A Vegetable Substitute for Calomel.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am selling your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills, and have recommended them above all pills and sell a great many of them, and have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully,

DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK, Doraville, Ga.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA.

NEWPORT, Ky., Feb. 27, 1887.—Messrs. DR. RADWAY & CO.—Gents: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Regulators and feel a great deal better. Enclosed find stamp, please send me your book False and True. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am, yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE.

Dyspepsia of Long Standing Cured.

DR. RADWAY: I have for many years been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and found but little relief until I got your Pills and Resolvent, and they made a perfect cure. They are the best medicine I ever had in my life. Your friend forever. WILLIAM NOONAN.

BLANCHARD, MICH.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 25 cents per box. Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 32 Warren, corner Church sts., New York, for information worth thousands will be sent you.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

ALL AT SEA.

Admiral! yes, alive and dead!
For some who loved her live no more,
Though even now 'tis plainly said
She counts admirers by the score.
Yet out of all this princely store
Of gloved and sweetly-scented beaux
Who swear affection o'er and o'er
There is not one who will propose.

They flirt and flatter; soothe, and spread
Their arms around her, and outpour
A wealth of words that never shed
The meaning which she wished they bore.
While one is knocking at the door,
Another says "Good-bye," and goes,
And leaves us he has left before;
There is not one who will propose.

To-day she plays with Cockney Ted
At tennis on the "daisied floor;"
To-morrow p'r'aps she'll walk with Ned
Along fair Newport's peaceful shore.
But all the same—there is no core
In Teds or Neds, in Johns or Joes;
Their thoughts will ne'er to Hymen soar;
There is not one who will propose.

—U. N. NONE.

Handy things to have—Gloves.

Guilt frames—Prison windows.

A matrimonial club—The broomstick.

Is Death's door opened with a skeleton key?

Where to go when short of money—Go to work.

A man always feels put out when he is taken in.

A man may be a bad egg, but he's all right till he's "broke."

Dandy lines—Two rows of young men on dress parade at the church door.

Always put off until to-morrow that which should not be done to-day.

A tooth may be very pale and white, but that's no sign it hasn't plenty of nerve.

It is said of one fashionable young man that he never paid anything but a compliment.

"It's never too late to mend." Which is why so many people postpone mending indefinitely.

There are several large coin collectors in the United States. Jay Gould is probably the largest.

Doctors who can speak only one language seem to understand a great many different tongues.

People who have seen two lovers say good-by never have any trouble afterwards in believing in eternity.

The man who has one arm, and that a left one, knows how essential it is that he should get on the right side of his best girl.

"How is that butter I sent you?" asked a Camden grocer of a transient customer. "Better, thanks; gains strength every day."

Brown: "What, moving again, Jones?" Jones, gloomily: "Yes." "Had a fire in the house?" "No; a fire out of the house."

Little boy: "Have you got well again?" Visitor. "Why, I haven't been sick." "Haven't you? Why, I heard pa say you were suffering from swelled head."

One of the most remarkable facts of anthropology is that the bigger head a man gets the less room he has in it for anything exterior to his personal interests.

Other things grow stale and old and lose their early charm, but somehow even to the most jaded man there is a perennial freshness and attractive look about a five-dollar bill.

The Sunday-school class was singing "I want to be an angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I want to be an angel," explained Bobby.

Not even fit for bathing. Countryman, at Cape May: "I wouldn't go in swimmin' in such durned water as that." Stranger: "Why not?" Countryman, who has been staking his thirst. "Why, jest taste it."

"What's the most appropriate seat for a kicked man to sit on?" asked the snake editor. "Can't say," replied the horse editor. "A toadstool." "I shouldn't think there'd be mushroom there for him."

The way a certain man avoids the bad effects which frequently arise from eating green cucumbers is worthy of note. "I only like cucumbers," he said, "when they are sliced with onions in vinegar, and then I just eat the onions."

Magistrate: "You are charged with stealing chickens, Uncle Joe?" Uncle Joe: "Yes, sah, so I understan's." Magistrate: "Have you ever been arrested before?" Uncle Joe: "Only once befo', you' honah; I'se always ben berry lucky."

Yes, it's the little things that hurt. A common every-day measley little fly will make an orthodox Christian swear forty strokes to the minute, while if the same man had his head taken off by a July tornado he wouldn't say a word about it.

A stage hero at one of the local theatres rather marred the effect of his lines the other evening when he rushed into a burning building to save somebody's life, exclaiming as he did so, "I will perish or die!" To the chagrin of the audience he did neither.

"The British are ahead of us in one respect," said the General, after a warm argument with an Anglophobiac on the respective merits of England and America. "In what, I should like to know?" demanded the Anglophobiac, incredulously. "Time," replied the General; "it is 7 o'clock in London when it is only 2 here."

SHOPPING ABROAD.

When a shrewd German or French housekeeper goes a-shopping she rarely pays much more than one-half of the prices asked.

The custom of fixed prices is all but unknown, although in some of the larger Parisian establishments it is the rule. Instead of being waited upon at one counter the visitor is received by an inspector, a kind of superior shop-walker.

At the inspector's call one of these head-clerks hurries on to conduct us to his branch. He is too great a man to wait on us himself, but he watches some interior employe doing it.

The purchase completed he descends from his moral pedestal, and starts us with an utterly unlooked-for eloquence, by which, if we are not quite hardened, he is pretty sure to induce us to buy some more. Indeed, this is a successful way for him to get rid of certain articles which the customer thinks he has acquired at quite a low price, while in fact it is an *Au*.

This word, pronounced shen, is the clerk's slang for shop-worn goods. The chefs-de-rayon are named according to the articles they sell.

Soyeure is the chief of the silk department; the shawls, etc., are sold by the Challer; the Bonnetier attends the cotton goods; he of the fancy articles is called the Fantaisiste; and so forth.

Ladies are employed to oversee the whole establishment, as they are better fitted for certain duties assigned them than men. They are called premieres. Parisian women have, of late, become familiar with the custom of American women of going a shopping just for the fun of it, and without the intention to make any purchase.

Paris has bestowed upon such persons the ungraceful nickname of flaneures de magasin, which, translated into English, is literally "shop-tramps"—a rather striking appellation, though somewhat inelegant. It is one of the premiere's principal duties to detect and politely "dismiss" any person who would thus impose upon the employes time.

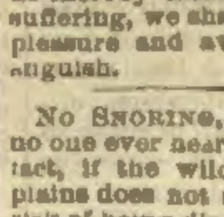
Some Paris establishments are quite unique in their way of doing business—namely, have a buffet or bar attached, where those who have made a purchase, however small, may get some refreshments gratis.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.—A little girl was wondering what was the matter with her thumb, and complained that it hurt every time she squeezed it. Her mother advised her not to squeeze it. "But," she responded, "if I don't squeeze it, how can I tell whether it hurts?" If the boy is father to the man, this little girl may be taken as the mother of the whole human race. How we nurse our wrath and coddle our grievances and pet our wounds, and are continually squeezing them to see if they hurt, really regretting when the self-satisfying pain ceases to respond to the pressure and our beautiful sorrow fades out of our sensations. All of us enjoy misery more or less while we can keep it at just that comfortable point where it requires a little squeezing of our thumbs to make us feel it. It isn't so pleasant when the sore becomes inflamed with the constant self-irritation, and then we are truly unhappy. The better way is not to squeeze it. Let it alone to get well of itself, and we do thereby miss a good deal of pleasant suffering, we shall the better enjoy genuine pleasure and avoid a good deal of real anguish.

NO SNORING.—It is perfectly true that no one ever heard of a snoring savage. In fact, if the wild man of the woods and plains does not sleep quietly, he runs the risk of being discovered by his enemy, and the scalp of the snorer would soon adorn the belt of his crafty and more silent-sleeping adversary. With civilization, however, we have changed all this. The impure air of our sleeping-rooms induces all manner of catarrhal affections. The nasal passages are the first to become affected. Instead of warming the inspired air on its way to the lungs, and removing from it the dangerous impurities with which it is loaded, the nose becomes obstructed.

A part of the air enters and escapes by way of the mouth. The veil of the palate vibrates between the two currents—that through the mouth and the one still passing through the partially-closed nostrils—like a torn sail in the wind. The snore, then, means that the sleeper's mouth is partially open, that his nose is partially closed, and that his lungs are in danger from the air not being properly warmed and purified.

Throw life into a method that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment its hour.



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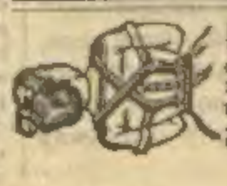

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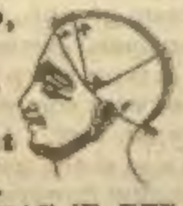

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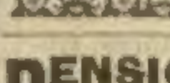

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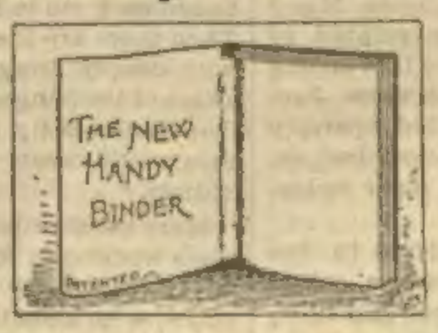

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Latest Fashion Phases.

How to dress on the river is a matter of paramount importance to many. The girls who take an oar are to be seen sculling in simple white flannel and nun's veiling dresses and loose skirts, and white or colored sashes, or merely belts. Their ordinary sailor hats are seldom now considered a medium for trimming, but are the real old Eton hat—perhaps a shade wider in the brim of late, and shallower in the crown. They are simply surrounded by a band of ribbon, plain or striped; and generally the color is suggested by some sentiment as to the Universities, public schools or clubs, for women are often keen partisans:

Large hats this year find much favor with boating ladies, especially a loosely-plaited straw called the "Ruskin hat," which bends with a touch to any shape required, has a round crown, and is but a featherweight; it is trimmed with soft silk or muslin, formed into gigantic bows, which must be fresh and natty as though a finger had not touched them.

The brims are often puckered with the same fabrics. White, red or green have it well nigh all their own way, and I have just seen a sweet fresh face peep from behind a hat of this kind, with a full bind of Liberty silk of the shade of young lettuce. The brim was almost oblong, quite of the spoonbill form, and shaded the complexion well.

For practical work on the river the artificial flowers are not found advisable—they spoil quickly and the wind catches them; real flowers as a rule for every-day wear replace them.

Pretty flannel jackets, which turn back with revers that need not be fastened at all, and can be drawn well over the chest by means of one hook, are the newest. These give every opportunity for showing the shirts, and are the most suitable of all bodices for the river, many of them having broad, turned-down collars worn over the jacket. The particular novelty in the season's shirts is the smocking and the full sleeves are variously smocked as well as the yokes.

No one living on a boat should be without a serge dress, and few girls, who are sojourning a while on the river, should ignore them. They are most simply made, some without foundation at all to the skirts, plain in front, with large pockets placed outside, and full at the back; but generally they are caught up slightly at the side over a firm foundation, which is sometimes striped, sometimes white, sometimes red, and then allowed to show with an opening at the sides.

The shirt bodice may be of the same materials, or of soft silk or washing material; but the loose jacket for putting on, when required, should be ready to hand and made of serge.

In cottons, black grounds, with large printed floral designs in gray, such as apple-blooms, are in great favor, and many have borders which can be used with great advantage in trimming. In colors, the floral designs resemble well-painted pictures. Blue linen is used for river wear.

A stylish dress is made in the Directoire style and the front pleated from the neck; a jacket cut short at the waist over this; a sash around the waist. Stiff-colored stripes are divided by the stiffer floral stripes—veritable Louis XV. patterns, the more formal the more attuned to those times. Many of the muslins and cottons are printed in interwoven stripes. Some of the best strong cambrics, gray, drabs and reds, show Japanese designs, in white, printed sparsely all over, or display the favorite cat designs. They do not crease at all, and wear splendidly.

Another and conspicious dress in the boats on the river last week was a cotton with large squares of yellow, red and blue, each square spotted; it was made with a Directoire jacket and white front, the drawn hat red crepe, with the mixed boquet. And a red cambric having a design of white oats, was worn with Tuscan hat trimmed with poppies, a pretty boatload. For it seems to be the fashion to have most of the cushions in the boat covered with red, and if the tones do not clash red gowns accord well.

The newest sashes in broad moire ribbon are "pinked" all around the entire edge. They have been, and still are, popular in white, black, and leaf-green, and are sold at some of the large stores, all ready made up.

Long soft silk scarves for carelessly looping around the neck are also "pinked" and have two ends drawn up like those of a long purse. They are made of a width of pongee silk, and are made from 3 yards to 3½ yards long. They are to be fashionable for the autumn. There are striped cotton washing sashes for children and adults, rather over 2½ yards long, with twisted fringe ends, which are just now in the full swing of popularity. They are in red and white, blue, brown, black, or yellow and white stripes, and moderate in price.

The cambric shirt fronts for fitting into bodices, with neat collar and small tie; and also the silken ones, smocked or honeycombed with the same colored or contrasting silks, are useful, and much improved on every day gowns. If one is bought for a copy, it is quite easy to make others for a very small cost. White ones are particularly fashionable.

White has never been more popular than this season, and it is likely to remain so till the last rose of the summer droops and dies. White waistcoats, white sashes, white gloves, parasols, and hats have reigned supreme. The black and white narrow silk costumes are trimmed with it, pale gray gowns and white cambric ones have broad white sashes, and with almost all may be seen white gloves. They have apparently cut out the long popular tan ones *pro tem.*

Among young girls and women both for day and evening wear, white kid, silk, Suede, and dogskin gloves are all in wear, but principally the two former. With yachting suits, white hats, waistcoats and gloves are to be fashionable.

Tea gowns of soft white China silk, plain or with a tracery of black over the surface, are delightfully cool in wear and appearance, with white ribbons and muslins. Tussore, made of white silk and apple-green ribbons, is a most harmonious combination if well put together. Polie de chevre, with stripes or detached flower groups on a cream ground, is a revival of a past fashion for smart gowns.

It is made up with the plain material and also with colored silk, and stands out in a stylish way. Alpaca, all white or in colors, is also much used; and for cool wear pretty fanciful flowered muslins copied from those in vogue many years ago. These are trimmed with ribbons corresponding to the colors in design. Pongee silk, in stripes of red and blue, trimmed with blue ribbons, is novel.

For evening wear, the poppy skirt is a novel introduction, which has taken the fancy of a few leaders of fashion. The front is composed of crimped and shaded soft silk, cut like the petals of a large poppy, and laid lightly the one over the other. The back is entirely of tulle, and the bodice is a combination of both materials. The gown is carried out in yellow, red, white, soft grayish-mauve, or black, according to fancy.

Some pretty tulle skirts have three ribbons of moire on the left hip, carried across the front to the low side, low down where they are fastened by light but elaborate jet ornaments running upwards. The ribbons on the left hips are gathered up into loops and ends, which fall down to the edge of the skirt. The tulle bodice has braces of moire tied on the shoulders, with the ends looped on to the arm, terminating with little tassels of jet. Some tulle skirts, have as many as fifty yards in them.

Parasols—their names is truly legion—seem to grow in beauty as the season advances. Some of the latest are entirely of crimped crepe lisse, arranged either plain or in flounces; a few have graduated widths of delicately shaded ribbon, run on between each rib to look as if run in and out. Then there are the drawn China silk ones, with deeply fringed-out borders, and rosettes of the fringed silk around the ferules. One thinks sadly what a havoc a shower of rain would create among these airy, fairy things.

More substantial-looking are the silk parasols worked in straw, or composed of a cover of finely-wrought, fancy-worked straw, with sometimes a cluster of apples at the ferule, and another caught apparently in falling, half way down. A few poppies, ears of corn and cornflowers adorn others. As remarkable as the parasols are the bows which adorn the handles, and which seem to grow larger and larger.

Odds and Ends.

A CHAPTER ON "SWEET PICKLES."

The very best and nicest all-round "spiced fruits are made by the undeviating rule of proportion as under: 7 lbs. pared and trimmed ripe fruit, 4 lbs. of pounded white sugar, 1 pint of strongest malt vinegar, whole cinnamon, cloves and ginger, to taste, tied up in muslins.

A few of the special, fine, delicate, or extra juicy fruits require the proportions to be varied and of these particular mention will be made. Apples, peaches and pears should be peeled; stone fruits of all kinds tomatoes and fruits with thin but toughish skins, should be "docked" or pricked; fine berries will be treated otherwise.

The method is simple. Lay the prepared fruit in a preserving kettle, in alternate layers, with the sugar; heat slowly—very slowly—till all comes just to a boil, when at once add and stir in the vinegar and spice. Allow five minutes actual boiling—not more—and then remove the pan from the fire; with a skimmer pick out the fruit and allow it to cool; put the syrup, with the spices in it, back on the fire, and let it boil till quite thick. By this time the fruit (being only lukewarm) should have been put in slightly warmed glass bottles, pots, or jars, and the thick boiling syrup should be poured over it. Let all get stone-cold, and then close the spiced fruits in such a way as to render it airtight.

Let me give a word or two of kindly warning. Sometimes it happens that the spiced fruits (if not quite air-tight) will show signs of fermentation. The reasons for this are twofold: first, the contents are not air-tight; and, second, the fruit has been removed from the pan with two much of the half-cooked syrup adhering. The remedy is to draw the cork or covering of the vessel the fruit is in, and then, while uncovered, stand them in a large pan, with enough cold water to reach within an inch or so of the mouths. Put the pan on the fire till the fruit is scalding hot, but not boiled. When cold, seal the bottles, etc., so that they *will be* air-tight.

These spiced fruits improve very much with age, and should rarely be eaten in less than a month from the time they are prepared.

Blackberries.—The best proportions are: 7 pounds of picked, dry, ripe, fresh fruit, to 3¾ lbs. of sugar, 1 quart of best strong vinegar, 1½ ozs. each of cloves and cinnamon and ½ oz. of whole ginger. The method is as given above.

Cherries.—I shall have to allow my readers to use discretion in putting up this spiced fruit; it varies rather considerably in the quantity of saccharine matter it contains, and no rule can be laid down to apply to black, red and white cherries, and the varieties of each. The formula I have generally adopted for black cherries will be a guide—simply that, and nothing more. 14 lbs. of picked, dry, sound fruit, 4 lbs. of white sugar, 1 gallon of the strongest malt vinegar, and a tablespoonful each of ground clove and ground cinnamon tied in a piece of thick clean calico.

Currants.—The same remark as applies to cherries: my proportions for black currants were: 8 quarts of berries—tree from stalks, leaves, etc.,—4 pounds of sugar, only one pint of vinegar—with spices as for cherries. These require an hour's boiling, and are not fit for use in less than three months.

Green Gooseberries.—8 quarts of trimmed fruit to 6¼ lbs. of sugar, one pint of best vinegar (the fruit is very acid itself), and 1 oz. each of whole cloves, cinnamon, allspice and ginger. Use the half of sugar to all berries, and a tumberful of water (or slightly more,) and allow to boil from two to three hours, according to the class of the fruit. When nearly done add the rest of the sugar, and boil all for half an hour. When *quite* done, remove from the fire, add the spices and vinegar, stir, cover the pan with its lid, and stand at the side of the fire to simmer for another half-hour.

Pears.—Peel, core and quarter a peck of nice, juicy and sweet pears. Steam them over boiling water till they are so perfectly tender as to go into pulp if squeezed between the thumb and finger. Remove and allow to get cold. Make a syrup with 3 pounds of sugar, 1½ pints of vinegar, and half a pint of fresh cider, in which is a small bag of the usual mixed spices. When the syrup thickens, put the fruit gently in, and let all boil for half an hour. Now bottle, etc., as usual.

These spiced pears will be found to be the pink of perfection for imparting a particular zest to made dishes and entrees of all kinds. They are also excellent when spread on bread and butter, or take with blancmange or oatmeal porridge—in fact "sweet pickled pears" are the handiest things imaginable in a house.

WHY TAKEN DOWN.—Tourist (looking back upon a difficult bit of mountain path he had just traversed): "Ugh! that's as ugly a bit of climbing as I've ever been over! There must have been a lot of accidents there. Why don't they put a notice board to the effect that it's dangerous?" Guide: "There was an accident there once, sir; and they put up a notice at the entrance of the pass, but as nobody else ever came and fell down the chasm, they did away with the board!"

Confidential Correspondents.

F. C. B.—Let well enough alone; situations are hard to find.

BARKER.—"Sciolism" is "superficial knowledge;" a sciolist is a pretender to learning, a smatterer.

SHORTY.—The Venus de Medici, who is said to have been just the "right height," was 5 feet 5 inches tall.

BUSTARD.—"I wish I were" is more elegant than "I wish I was," although in conversation the subjunctive is less used now than it used to be.

SHIN SHINS.—Real swords are swallowed by jugglers; but the weapon is more often a trick one, which shuts up as it apparently goes down the throat.

A. L. L.—No one can cure you of the silly habit of blushing at everything except yourself. Unless it arises from physical causes you can rid yourself of the habit by an effort of will. Think a little less of yourself and more of others and you will forget to blush.

BESIDE.—The "previous question" is a rule or order adopted to govern the proceedings of any deliberative assembly when called for by the member provided for in the rules of order. All debate ceases until a decision is arrived at as to whether the "previous question" shall be put.

MARIE B.—There is no special rule laid down respecting the finger upon which a daughter should wear her dead mother's wedding ring, but the third finger of the right hand is that on which it is generally worn, more because it is likely to fit that finger best. The corresponding finger on the left hand should be kept vacant for your own engaged or wedding ring.

IGNORAMUS.—The "woolsack" is the seat of the Lord Chancellor in the English House of Lords. It is actually a wool cushion covered with red drapery. It was first placed in the House in the time of Queen Elizabeth, to keep constantly before the mind of the peers the source of the national wealth. To speak of anyone being "raised to the woolsack," means that he has been appointed Lord Chancellor.

DULCEY D.—There is no such thing as "planet ruling;" anyone pretending to practice such an art is liable to be dealt with by the police as a swindler. 2. There is no such thing as divination by means of your Bible and a key. Whoever has put such mischievous nonsense into your head ought to have known better. It is surprising that a young lady who writes as well as you do should give a moment's thought to such nonsense.

WAVERLEY.—The system of Banting, to reduce fleshiness, is too long to be fully explained in our correspondence columns, but the gist of it will go into a few lines. Avoid sugar in every form, eat no bread except when toasted, refrain from potatoes and all farinaceous food as much as possible, and take plenty of exercise. No malt liquor is allowed under the system, but a moderate quantity of spirits is permissible, used entirely without sugar.

PUPSIE.—You are acting very unwisely in allowing yourself to care for any man whose wife is still living, and he is acting shamefully both by the poor invalid and you. Make up your mind to have nothing more to do with him. Better bear a little wrench and heart sickness now than wait for a man who, when your turn comes to be ill and wearisome to him, as it may, will serve you as he is serving his sick wife, in making love to another woman during her lifetime.

BUB.—We know well enough that love is not always under the control of the reason and will, but while we admit that the heart cannot be absolutely governed by the head, it may be to a great extent, and the effort should always be made to keep it in subjection. So much of unhappiness results from falling in love where there is no prospect or probability of its return, as in your case for instance, it should be most carefully guarded against, and where it has unhappily taken root, it should be eradicated, at whatever cost of peace of mind it may be.

CONSTANT READER.—You are in a dangerous position. You must tell your mother about the man's conduct. The way he treats you is not in harmony with his relationship. If he is a rascal in his heart—and his actions seem to show him so—no consideration for your sister should keep you silent one second. If harm is to come from the exposure it will come to those, or at least the one, who deserves it. Your own safety and honor are the most important matters to you, and both religion and common sense require you should take care of them. Tell your mother immediately, let the consequences be what they may. You are trying to do right, and that is the wisest thing to do at any time in all the world.

MASTER.—The "Holy Grail" signifies a vessel made of precious stone (usually said to be an emerald), from which our Saviour is said to have drunk at the last supper, and which was afterwards filled with the blood which flowed from the wound with which He was pierced at the crucifixion; or, according to some accounts, it was the platter on which was served the paschal lamb at the last Passover which Jesus celebrated with his disciples. It is fabled to have been preserved and carried to England by Joseph of Arimathea. It remained there many years, an object of pilgrimage and devotion, but at length it disappeared, one of its keepers having violated the condition of strict virtue in thought, word and deed, which was imposed upon those who had charge of it.

SALBOT.—There is no such thing as a science of physiognomy. Although it is indisputable that character and disposition affect, and are indicated by, the countenance, it has been found impossible to formulate rules which have not been met with numberless contradictions. Lavater was the first to develop an elaborate physiognomical system; but although this was the result of careful study which deserved a better result, it was not long in utterly breaking down. It was the opinion of Kant that physiognomy never could be elevated into a science; and when one remembers how differently the same characteristics express themselves in different persons, how many persons there are whose goodness is quite concealed by their ugliness, and how frequently character undergoes modification while feature remains unchanged, it is difficult to see how the contrary can be maintained. This being so, you will see that to ask us to give you the address of "a skilled physiognomist" is to call upon us to make bricks without either straw or clay.